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PRICE ONE PENNY.



[CAPTAIN GORDON'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.]

MYRA THE COQUETTE.

CHAPTER XII.

Then never let the fiend Despair
Enchain our troubled mind;
Nor let the clouds of bitter care
The soul's bright mission blind;
For if life's morn be dark and drear,
By gloomy illa d'crest,
A glowing noontide, bright and clear,
May cancel troubles past!

"Yes, sir, telegram received, detectives stationed as you requested; no such parties as yet observed."

Such was the answer to St. Clair's anxious inquiries at the police-station.

"I will go down myself," he said. "What time do the mail packets start?"

And receiving the desired information he started on his self-imposed task, but no success attended it; and his eager inspection of each intended passenger procured him many a haughty, indignant glance, whilst the quiet supervision of the disguised detective passed unnoticed. Weary in body, and sick at heart, Leonard left his post of observation as soon as it was useless to remain longer; and requesting that the same surveillance might be continued in the morning, when a boat sailed for the Isle of Wight, he walked back into the town and ordered much-needed refreshment at one of the principal hotels.

His intention when he retired to bed was to rise sufficiently early to enable him to go down to the docks himself; but Nature asserted her claims to have the strength of one of her children renovated by her handmaiden "balmy sleep!" and the quiet knock of "boots," according to order on the door of No. 17, passed unheard by the tired inmate. It is a question whether his sleep would have been so sound could he have known that about the same

hour at which he had intended to have left the hotel, a telegram had been delivered at an obscure inn, on the outskirts of the town, addressed to a certain Mr. Peters, which was, in truth, an answer to a similarly conveyed message sent the evening previous to that very house in the new terrace at St. John's Wood, where St. Clair had so lately had a stormy interview with the irate Frenchman.

The communication received by the so-called Mr. Peters necessitated immediate attention and an entire change of plans, so that very soon after partaking of a slight breakfast Mr. Peters and a young lady companion sauntered off with apparent unconcern to the railway station, and an up train being on the point of starting, they took their places in a first-class carriage, and were soon miles away from the town where they had been warned to expect danger and detection.

St. Clair's vexation at having overslept himself was partially allayed when on making his delayed inquiries he found that no party answering the description he had given had gone on board the local steamer; but he now began to think that perhaps the Frenchman had deceived him as to the name of the place which he had given as the rendezvous between Parkyns and Mademoiselle Gourmet, and this suspicion gained such hold on his mind that he walked back to the hotel in a state of intense worry and uncertainty as to his further movements.

On entering the coffee-room where he intended to take his breakfast he found but one other gentleman in the room, who looked up as Leonard passed him and courteously bade him "Good morning," which was as courteously returned.

The waiter just then brought in the coffee and toast ordered by St. Clair, but catching the eye of the other gentleman as he placed this simple meal on the table, interpreted it after his own idea, and in a hasty but respectful tone said:

"No, captain, not yours, sir—the cutlets are not quite ready, and the man is rather late this morning with the shrimps and water-cresses."

"Well — well, better late than never, Sam," replied the gentleman addressed, and the waiter vanished to expedite the matin meal.

The young man had spoken with a slight northern accent, and showed a good set of teeth under his tawny moustache in the smile which accompanied his good natured speech.

"You see, sir," he presently said, flinging down "The Times," as St. Clair rose from his simple breakfast, "I begin to consider myself one of the establishment here now, and that consequently it is part of my duty so make myself agreeable to all new comers—I hope you are not offended at my freedom," he continued hastily, as Leonard's bow had been rather stately; "the fact is I have not been long in England, having returned on leave from India, where my regiment is still stationed, and on landing from the vessel a few weeks ago I slipped on the gangway, and sprained my ankle so violently that I have not been able, or at least not allowed, to leave the house since; such have been the doctor's orders, and, as a military man, of course, I must obey the word of command."

St. Clair could but condole with the young man, and express the hope that he would be speedily relieved from his enforced confinement.

"Thank you for your good wishes," returned the other; "but what will do me more good at this time will be the companionship and conversation of one of my own sex and age. I hope you are intending to remain some time in this delectable place. This hotel, at least, is not to be found fault with."

"I am afraid that neither my company nor my conversation would prove very agreeable or interesting," returned Leonard, "which makes it less a matter of regret that my stay must be very brief. I am half inclined to go back to London to-day."

The last words were uttered more to himself than to his companion, but the latter caught the sound, and exclaimed:

"What a bore! off again so soon! Why, the air of this room seems charged with electricity, for some

who enter it appear almost instantly to receive a shock to the system, which impels their departure as abruptly as their actions are peculiar."

"I hope you have not observed anything peculiar in my behaviour," said Leonard, smiling at the off-hand manner of the other.

The young man reddened.

"Not at all," he said, hastily. "I beg you to believe me incapable of the rudeness of making personal remarks, but the truth is that within the last few days I have seen at least two of these sudden entrances and exits. The first took me quite by surprise, and I began to think I was about to become a hero of romance, but that idea was quickly dispelled. It was the night before last, and getting very near the hour proscribed by my medians for my retiring to bed, and I was sitting at the open window breathing the refreshing air when the door opened behind me, and the ever-poite Sam, the waiter, announced 'a lady, sir,' and, of course, discreetly retired."

"Before I could feel, much less express my astonishment the said lady rushed forward, and throwing herself on my breast called me, 'Mon cher Louis,' with, doubtless, many other kind words, but to which, being uttered in French—a language I detest—I could not respond very intelligibly and this reserve on my part produced a scene. The lovely girl (I have no doubt but that she was lovely, but an onivous thick black veil concealed her face) started from me as if I had bitten her, gave a sort of shriek and darted out of the room with the speed and grace of an Indian antelope."

Leonard's thoughts had been wandering whilst his companion rattled on, but were suddenly recalled by the mention of the French lady having addressed him as "cher Louis," that being the Christian name of the runaway clerk, Parkyns.

His look of awakened interest gratified the narrator.

"Ah! I see you can enter into my feelings of disappointment at such endearing words and actions, having been only accorded me in mistake," he laughingly remarked; "and the best of it is that I could not find out from Sam or any one else in the house who she was, where she went to, or for whom she had mistaken me. Strange, wasn't it?"

"Very," said Leonard, thoughtfully; then after a short pause he added: "But what was your second experience of hasty entrance and brief sojourn in this room?"

The young man's answer was interrupted by the return of Sam, bearing the long-expected outlets and accompaniments, and Leonard politely withdrew from the room until the tempting meal should have been despatched.

As he strolled up and down the pavement in front of the hotel, and recalled what he had just been listening to, he felt sure that this French lady was no other than Mademoiselle Gourmet, and that probably from some mistake of one or the other her meeting with Parkyns had not occurred at the hour and place agreed on. He must try to find out if she were still in the town, and whether Parkyns had joined her. Perhaps the narration promised by the young Indian officer might elucidate some of those important details. It was certainly a strange chance that had brought him to the very hotel where this rencontre was to have been made, and the good-humoured familiarity of this stranger, from which St. Clair had first shrunk with true English reserve, now seemed on reflection like a lamp to guide him through the dark mazes of deception and crime which so cruelly obscured the brightness of his fortunes.

On returning to the coffee-room his new acquaintance greeted him with a hearty expression of pleasure, "for to tell the truth I was afraid you too had taken French leave and left me alone in my glory."

"Oh, no," replied Leonard. "I was too much interested in your account of your erratic visitors not to wish it to be continued; so now, if you please, describe your second experience. I am all attention."

The young man looked keenly at him. "Pardon me," he said, "but I cannot help thinking you have some deeper motive than mere curiosity in requiring this information."

"I do not deny it," said Leonard, frankly; "but excuse me if, at present, at least, I do not divulge that motive. We are strangers to each other, but I believe you will not think ill of me if I acknowledge that I wish to find the whereabouts of a certain young French lady, and the male friend, an Englishman for whom the demoiselle you described most probably mistook you."

"No doubt you are right," returned his companion; "and now I come to think of it I have very little doubt but that the expected swain was the identical party whose sudden entrance and exit, so

immediately succeeding the young lady's demonstration, renewed the surprise from which I was just recovering."

"Will you describe him?" said Leonard, eagerly.

"He was rather tall and dark, I think; but he shot in and out of the room so quickly that I had not time to take much notice. Well, Sam, what is it?" interrupting himself as the waiter entered and presented a letter on a salver. "Ah, a lady's handwriting. Delightful! Postmark, Bushbury."

St. Clair started preceptibly.

"Doubtless from Miss Stuart. Excuse me," he added, tearing open the envelope; "when a lady's in the case, you know, electors."

Leonard could control himself no longer.

"Pardon me," he said, hastily, "but permit me to inquire whether you are a friend or acquaintance of the lady you have just named, as I am proud to say I can myself claim that honour. There is my card, allow me to receive yours in exchange."

"And there is mine," replied the young man, tendering the paper representative.

"Captain A. Gordon—Regiment," said Leonard. "Do you know Captain Heathfield, of that regiment?"

The other laughed.

"Know him! I should think so. He is my dearest friend, and this letter is from his lady-love, to whom I very lately forwarded a packet he had entrusted to my care."

"Then, as you are the friend of Captain Heathfield, and I feel honoured in possessing the good opinion of Miss Stuart, we may lay aside the necessity for a formal introduction, and treat each other with more cordiality than our very short acquaintance would otherwise warrant."

And Leonard laid out his hand, which the young officer grasped heartily.

"Agreed," he said; "but I wish you would say with more confidence instead of more cordiality."

St. Clair smiled and shook his head.

"All in good time," he replied. "It is very likely I shall accept your terms, but first let me hear all you can tell of the tall, dark man whose visit so immediately succeeded that of the young lady."

But Captain Gordon's observation had been too slight to enlighten his companion much beyond what he had already stated.

"The man almost rushed into the room, stared wildly about him, and vanished. But I think Sam said something about a fly being at the door. I will ring for him."

The waiter promptly obeyed the signal, and gave such answers to the captain's questions as determined St. Clair to make a thorough search in the hotels and inns in the town before he went back to London, as he had recently proposed doing.

"Good luck attend you, my dear fellow," said Gordon. "If it were not for this horrid weak ankle, I would accompany you. It is keeping me away from an agreeable visit to Bushbury, for Heathfield has given me a kind introduction to his fiancée, who, by his description, must be a charming creature; and by-the-by, is there not a lovely young cousin of Miss Stuart's who would be worth the journey to win a smile from?"

St. Clair flushed deeply.

"Miss Linton's name is not to be used so lightly," he said, hotly.

And then he turned away, half ashamed of the feeling he had exhibited.

"Oh, oh! so that's it, is it?" laughed the other. "I did not know the ground was already occupied or I should not have intimated a wish to intrude; but dismiss all irritable feelings, St. Clair; I spoke but in jest; for to tell you the truth, before I went to India I had left my heart with a dear little Scotch lassie, and if she has not given hers to a more fortunate man I hope to secure it for myself a few weeks hence."

No further remark was made on the subject, but this frankness on the part of his new-made friend dispelled much of the reserve Leonard had resolved to maintain on his own affairs, and on returning to the hotel, after many hours spent in unsuccessful inquiries at various places, he consented to share Captain Gordon's dinner, and to pass the evening with him in his private room.

Several days were similarly passed, and the insight into each other's characters gained through the constant intercourse gradually converted chance acquaintances into firm friends.

Assured, therefore, of Gordon's sympathy and interest St. Clair confided to him the real state of his affairs, in as far as they related to the villany of Parkyns and the financial ruin his crime seemed likely to entail on his employers; only on the subject of his connection with Myra Linton was he silent.

That wound was too recent, too deep, to be touched by any hand but his own; and Gordon, with true delicacy, had forborne any recurrence to what he divined was painful to his friend's feelings.

The companionship of this young officer proved of great value to St. Clair, harassed and distressed as his mind was by the threefold causes of anxiety he had to contend with, or the rupture with her whom he so fondly loved; the illness of his old friend Mr. Munroe and his ill success in discovering traces of his fraudulent clerk; and Gordon's cheerfulness and buoyant spirits were exerted every evening to raise the drooping hopes and dispel the despondency Leonard was beginning to feel.

Boasting a Scotch father and an Irish mother, Captain Gordon seemed to unite in himself the characteristics of both nations, and he frequently won a smile from his melancholy companion by the wit and humour which contrasted with his deeper sentiments and cooler judgment upon serious topics.

St. Clair had written to Dr. Deane, naming his intention of remaining a few days longer in Southampton, and in answer to his anxious inquiries respecting Mr. Munroe's health, received the contradictory reply that he was progressing favourably, but becoming daily more irritable and nervous at not seeing Leonard, or knowing how things were going on.

The contents of this letter added to the worry already experienced by St. Clair, and when Captain Gordon joined him at the breakfast-table he expressed his intention of returning to town that day.

"It is useless remaining here any longer," he said, in a despondent tone. "I have lost even the slight clue afforded by your description of the French girl and her companion, and I began to think that they left Southampton that same night, as a packet sailed a few hours after you observed them. No," he added almost vehemently, "it is no use delaying the truth that Parkyns has ruined us, and I must go back to my poor old friend, and help him to bear the brunt of a public acknowledgment of that disastrous fact."

"But not to-day, St. Clair," cried Gordon, eagerly. "Give me one more day of your society and assistance; the doctor says I may try to walk out for half-an-hour, and I wish you to give me the support of your arm in achieving such a grand exploit."

St. Clair hesitated.

"Come, that's a good fellow, give consent to my proposal," continued the young man, "and I prophesy some good luck will attend your acquaintances."

It seemed but a small sacrifice to make in friendship's cause, and accordingly Leonard agreed to remain until the evening train to London, and about twelve o'clock professed himself ready to accompany his expectant companion in his first essay as a pedestrian since he landed in England.

The day was bright and warm, but a sea breeze from the beautiful bay gave an invigorating freshness to the air, and Captain Gordon declared he was drinking in health and strength with every step he took.

"But we must not do too much in this first essay," prudently remarked Leonard. "Even now we have nearly reached the limit of time granted by your medical attendant, and had better retrace our way."

"A little longer stroll, good friend, and then I will obey," said Gordon, and they resumed their progress, and their conversation on the topic of St. Clair's disappointing pursuit of his clerk.

Presently Leonard found his friend lean much heavier on his arm, and glancing at his face perceived him looking so pale and fatigued that he exclaimed, hurriedly:

"We have been to blame in walking so far; you will never be able to walk back, and we have left that part of the town where a fly might be procured. I am angry with myself for permitting this imprudence."

"Don't vex yourself. I shall be all right again after a short rest," cried Gordon, cheerfully; "and see, here is a haven of repose close at hand," pointing to a small roadside inn, whose gable roof, and trellised porch wreathed with ivy, together with the weather-stained sign bearing the inscription of "The Seven Stars," by Mary Smith, would have been invaluable to an artist as an adjunct to a scene of rural festivity. "I daresay we can get a glass of good ale here," continued Gordon, "and to own the truth, St. Clair, I should not object to the addition of a rascher of bacon and a couple of poached eggs, if Mistress Mary Smith can produce such luxuries."

"We will make the inquiry," said Leonard, as they entered the rustic porch together, and were immediately accosted, from behind the little bar, by a clean, comely looking woman with the respectful query:

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?"

St. Clair was spokesman; and his inquiries as to

the production of the refreshment required by himself and friend being answered satisfactorily, the good woman bustled from behind the bar, and begging the "gents" to follow her, led the way down a narrow passage and ushered them into a large room, which from its furniture and appointments was evidently at times used as a club-room.

One of its chief attractions to the tired young officer was a large easy chair, in which he thankfully installed himself, whilst St. Clair drew a highly varnished "Windsor chair" to the wide opened window, leading on to a well kept bowling-green, and inhaled the perfume of the roses which climbed up the back of the house.

The promised eggs and bacon were not long in being placed on a side table, on which Mrs. Smith had deftly laid a clean white cloth, and better knives and forks than might have been expected in such an unpretending hostelry; and our two friends soon did justice to the rustic repast, to which the renowned Southampton ale proved an excellent accompaniment.

Mrs. Smith had just come to inquire if she should poach some more eggs when the door was suddenly pushed open, and a young girl, apparently about ten years old, with her fair hair hanging half way down her back, rushed into the room, holding something up in her right hand, and exclaiming:

"Lawks, mother, see what I've found in the gent's room as went away t'other day. I believe it's gold."

Here she caught sight of the two men, whose seats were rather behind the door, and stopped short in confusion. She would have started as quickly as she had entered, but the mother's curiosity was excited, and she caught the child by the arm and detained her.

"What is it, Sally? Let mother look," she cried, taking something small and glittering from her daughter's hand and examining it. "Beg pardon, gentlemen," she continued, "but perhaps you can tell whether this little button-like thing is of any value. I do not know much about such things, and my little girl here knows less." And she placed in St. Clair's outstretched hand a finely-chased gold shirt stud.

St. Clair almost bounded from his seat. "To whom do you say this stud belonged?" he asked, eagerly. Then, before she could reply he extended it to his companion, and said: "Look at the back of this, Gordon, and you will see the inscription—'L. P. from L. St. C. 3.' This stud is one of a set which I gave myself a few months back to Parkyns, when he had been, as I believed, doubly diligent in our service, and I had them numbered, as you see, from one to three in case of one being lost, that it might be the easier described or recognised."

"My dear fellow, I prophesied rightly when I said some good would come of your friendly set towards me," returned Gordon, heartily. "Here you see we have come on the right clue again, and it will perhaps guide us to a satisfactory end of our perplexities."

Mrs. Smith and little Sally had stood staring in silent astonishment, whilst their stranger guests thus conversed, but now St. Clair gave a full explanation of the cause of his excitement, and received such corroboration of the identity of Parkyns, and his female companion, as nearly maddened him to think of the time which had elapsed since he was, unknowingly, in close proximity to the criminals.

"I didn't quite like them, sir," said poor Mrs. Smith, who was terribly overcome at having harboured such unworthy characters, "for I beant fond of foreigners at no time, but they came late one night quite promiscuous like, and the young lady could not speak a word of English, so I could not refuse to take them in; but I must say I thought it did look odd for this Mr. Peters, as he called himself, to say she was his cousin, and—"

"Then were they not married?" interrupted Leonard, hastily.

"No, sir, but the gent did say they was a-going to be when they got to France, but I suppose that that telegraph altered all their plans."

Here she was recalled to the more usual duties of the house by a violent knocking in the little bar, and with her daughter left the room to attend to it; but was only absent a few minutes, when she returned flushed and eager.

"There's another strange thing, sir," she said, addressing St. Clair, "the man as brought Mr. Peters and Marmel here has stopped to have a glass of beer, and he says he can tell you something about 'em if so be you care to hear it."

"Of course," assented Leonard, and followed more leisurely by his friend, he hastened after his hostess.

"Well, sir, all I knows is this," began the cabman: "I had brought the gent first of all from the railway to the—Hotel, and was told to wait, but I was not kept long, for he

came out again wild like, and he went to two other large hotels, and at last we drove back to the station, and there he went into the waiting-rooms, one after another, and at last out he comes with a lady with a thick veil on, and they gets into my cab, and he orders me to drive to any quiet, tidy inn out of the town as I could recommend, and so I brings 'em here to my friend, Missus Smith. The gent he paid handsome, and that's why I looked well at him, to remember him, and sure enough, two days after I took a fare to the station, and as that party turned away from getting his ticket and change to pay me, these other parties comes into the booking-office, and the gent said, sharply: 'Two first-class tickets for—'

"Train just starting, sir, said I, thinking to be civil; but he looked angrily at me, said a naughty word, sir, begging your pardon, and with the lady ran as fast as possible to get into a carriage."

"Thank you, my man," said Leonard, when cabby had finished his long story. "I am afraid your information is too late to be useful, but this will pay you for having given it," and the man wished he could always earn money so easily.

"And now what's to be done, Gordon?" asked Leonard, turning to his friend.

"Take advantage of this good fellow's cab to get back to our hotel as soon as possible," returned the other; and then start off yourself to the place that precious rascal booked to—it is a station on a branch line, and you may find out his further progress by description."

This suggestion was at once adopted. Mrs. Smith remunerated, and Sally made rich (in her own opinion) by the gift of a new half-crown. Cabby drove them at a good pace to their hotel, and an hour afterwards was again at the door to convey St. Clair to the station in further pursuit of the so-called Mr. Peters.

"Nil desperandum, my good friend," cried the ever hopeful Gordon. "Again I prophesy good luck and success to your enterprise."

And the cheerful words dwelt on Leonard's mind for many an anxious hour.

CHAPTER XIII.

Again, again each day
Towards thy far-off place;
I even note the way
Of clouds, if thitherward they go.

"Be composed, dear girl; she will do well now; Dr. Warburton has just assured me that the crisis is past, and that with extreme quiet and care all bad symptoms will subside."

The speaker was Mabel Stuart, addressing her anxious, agitated cousin, after having accompanied a celebrated physician to the bedside of Mrs. Bentley. The effects of the accident arising from the thunder-storm had been more serious to that lady than to the old servant who was driving the ill-fated pony.

Thomas had been only stunned for a few minutes by the sudden overturning of the carriage, and had been soon able to assist the terrified girls in their efforts to raise his poor mistress, and ascertain the extent of her injuries.

That she still breathed was a slight relief to their fears, but the blood flowing from a wound at the back of the head and the continued insensibility showed that immediate surgical aid would be necessary to preserve the life thus jeopardised.

Help, humble but efficient, was speedily obtained from cottages near at hand; a farmer's spring cart offered to convey poor Mrs. Bentley home, Elmfield being nearer than Bushbury, and gently laid on cushions and clean straw, her head tenderly supported by the two cousins (quite forgetful of their own wet clothes), she was carried back to the house as she had so lately quitted in health and energy.

Mr. Grant, the farmer, had then mounted his stout cob, and galloped off to secure the instant attendance of the nearest, and fortunately the most skilful surgeon.

A fortnight had now elapsed since the accident, and the consequences of the blow on the head and the shock to the whole system had been so severe that Mabel and Myra had remained at Elmfield in alternate attendance on their suffering friend; and by the request of Mr. Jamieson, the surgeon, had sent for an eminent physician from a neighbouring town.

It was the consolatory decision of this gentleman which Mabel Stuart communicated, as above stated, to her cousin, and the flood of grateful tears which her speech produced bespoke the relief it gave to Myra's pent-up anxiety.

"It would have been so dreadful had she died, and we could not let St. Clair know of her danger," she cried; "and even now we have no news of his movements nor any means of ascertaining them. It is cruel."

"Our poor friend upstairs must by no means be agitated on that topic," said Mabel, gravely. "I entreat you, my dear Myra, not to mention her nephew's name when you go up to see her; and should she ask if you have heard from him, turn the subject. Remember all now depends upon quiet and freedom from excitement; suppress all selfish feeling, and my hope and belief is that ere long we shall have Leonard back again to thank you for your share in saving his aunt's life."

Mabel always looked to the bright side of things, always counselled faith, hope, and patience, and practised the same, although she had often a hard task to do so.

As the time approached for the arrival of the Indian mail she invariably became nervous and excited, and now felt thankful that the favourable change in Mrs. Bentley's symptoms would, no doubt, permit her to return to her own little cottage before the day she expected her monthly packet.

Her own last letter had been very brief, merely an acknowledgment of the packet sent through Captain Gordon, and a promise of one of her customary journals by next mail.

She had purposely omitted naming the very recent breach of Myra's engagement, having so lately dilated with pleasure on its formation.

"But after Albert's next letter arrives I suppose I must tell him," she mused, "unless happily St. Clair returns, and this trouble clears away."

But another week had passed and still no communication had been received from Leonard.

Mrs. Bentley had slowly progressed toward recovery, and had borne with tolerable composure the negative which Mabel had gently given to her anxious inquiry whether her nephew had written; and her cousin's suggestion to Myra that cheerful submission and hopeful endurance would conduce to their friend's restoration to health, had been carried out with successful results, but not without costing the hitherto thoughtless girl many a struggle.

Indulged from earliest youth by a fond, weak father, and acutely less petted by her cousin Mabel after she became an orphan, Myra unconsciously had become somewhat selfish, and after her first burst of contrition for the consequences of her conduct at Lady Johnson's ball, had felt inclined to rebel against the unhappiness which had so closely followed it as unjust and unmerited.

Recent events had been mercifully permitted to change these egotistical feelings, and she was now beginning to realise that "sweet are the uses of adversity," and of trials in any form.

"An immediate and total change of air and scene will conduce more to your perfect recovery, my dear madame, than any further advice I can give you," said Dr. Warburton, on a subsequent visit, and his patient very readily acquiesced in the decision, annexing the condition that her two young friends should accompany her.

"I should be lost without you," she said, affectionately pressing a hand of each; "and besides that your own health and strength require renovating after the fatigue and anxiety you have endured on my account."

It was therefore amicably arranged that at the beginning of the next week they should leave Elmfield for a sojourn of a few weeks.

Neighbours and acquaintances had made frequent and friendly inquiries as soon as the accident to Mrs. Bentley had become generally known, and amongst them Sir James and Lady Johnson had sent almost daily to receive the medical report.

Amelia Johnson had also written to Myra on the same subject, but with far less warmth than she had displayed in former epistles.

The truth was that she had felt greatly vexed in the first instance that her brother should have obtained her parents' permission to offer his hand and heart to "that little conceited flirt Myra Linton," and then her indignation was equally excited by his acknowledgment that she had refused him.

But she had another cause of irritation in the departure of the Prince della Melonie without having fulfilled her expectations that he would ask her to become the Princess.

She could not therefore trust herself to calling at Elmfield, lest in a personal interview with her quondam "dearest friend" she might be expected to be as confidential as heretofore.

Poor Petersfield had felt his disappointment most keenly; but his lady mother, remembering the old proverb that "many a heart is caught on the rebound," prudently succeeded in inducing the Marchioness to commence their promised visit a month before the time originally fixed, and trusted to the amiability and accomplishments of their daughter Adelaide effacing the image of this "unappreciative rustic belle," and impressing her own aristocratic refined acceptance of his courtesy in pleasurable contrast.

After many denials, unavoidably given at the gate, Mrs. Curtis and her eldest daughter were admitted to see their invalid friend, and after the usual condolences and congratulations the subject was introduced of the intended change of scene.

"And have you fixed on any place of sojourn?" inquired Mrs. Curtis.

"Not exactly," replied Mrs. Bentley. "We should like to be near the sea, if possible, without its being a fashionable watering-place. Quiet and freedom from the trammels of society are essential to my comfort and health."

"I think I know the very place which would suit Mrs. Bentley," cried Annie Curtis, addressing her mother. "You remember, mamma, my spending some weeks the year before last with Miss Buchanan, the aunt of one of my schoolfellows. She had a lovely little furnished cottage at a small seaside village, which is so little known that it scarcely ever boasts any visitors, and certainly never very fashionable ones, but it has every recommendation for invalids who desire to escape that infection."

"And is your friend in residence there now?" inquired Mrs. Bentley; "if not it would be worth while to try and secure it."

"See it first," my dear madame," laughed Mrs. Curtis, "for my daughter here is very apt to paint things en couleur de rose which fade into dimness when viewed by other eyes."

Miss Curtis parried her mother's disparaging remarks, and added so much in favour of this seaside retreat that when they rose to take leave Mrs. Bentley gratified her young friend by promising to proceed to the place she had named before deciding upon any other temporary abode.

Mabel had gone home the day before this call was made, and Myra had purposely remained in her bedroom. She too vividly remembered that scene in the wooded dell in Hilton Park, wherein Annie Curtis, by ill-timed raillery, had urged her on to make that foolish, flippant mention of St. Clair's name which had laid the foundation for all her subsequent reprehensible conduct and its present miserable results; and she therefore shrank almost in horror at the idea that, if she met her lively friend, she might allude to her position with St. Clair, and so tear open the wound which still throbbled so painfully.

(To be Continued.)

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.

A PHYSICIAN says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the better will be the more healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore vigour to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep.

VENTILATION OF PASSENGER SHIPS.

As the number of those who go down to the sea in ships has increased to an enormous extent, and co-operative round-the-world excursions are being organised in several directions, it seems to us that the time has now arrived when shipowners should be persuaded, or compelled, to pay some sort of attention to the ventilation of cabins, saloons, and other inhabited parts of their vessels.

Whether the passenger be a robust traveller journeying for business or pleasure, a consumptive invalid searching after health, or an over-worked metropolitan looking for rest, convenience and comfort are, as a rule, both minimised, in consequence of the bad quality of air breathed below. And this condition of things obtains in all ships, beginning with the Channel and Jersey boats, and ending with the West and East Indian mail ships of the biggest tonnage. In point of fact, no system exists in ventilation afloat if we except the East Indian troopships. Vessels are built first, and ventilated afterwards. Cowls, up-cast or down-cast, are put in at

haphazard here and there; but the practical result is that, with the exception of the fortunate possessors of deck cabins, passengers are stifled in fine and tropical weather by the heat, and in bad weather by the screwing up of all openings, in-cast or out-cast.

Experiences gleaned in the ventilation of ironclads go to prove that attention should be mainly directed to the removal of the foul air, leaving the clean air to enter where it can. In steamships the smoke stack could be readily utilised as an extractive agent if a double casing were provided, and tubes (one on each side of the deck) communicating with the ceilings of the saloons and cabins, were led into the space between the two casings. This is but the suggestion of a simple principle of extractive ventilation, and its application would, when the lines of the ship are drawn, be very simple. But the main object of these remarks is to show that when ships travelling quickly pass through great varieties of temperature, the comfort, and indeed health, of passengers cannot be compassed unless some systematic attention is paid to the purity of the air between decks.

ELVINA.

ELVINA hath beauty, high rank and dower—
Rich heiress is she of the castle and tower;
Her lands stretch afar, where the brooks
ripple down

O'er forest and dell to the white-cottage town.

Elvina hath jewels beyond compare—
Her gentle, good heart is a gem more rare;
Yet shadows knit weirdly her snow-tinted brow,
And her sighs tell the secrets her lips ne'er avow.

Queenly she moves 'mid the high-born throng,
In great castle halls made vocal with song,
But the praise of the grave, nor the wit of the gay
Can soothe her soul's pain or charm it away.

What haills her? Ah, Love—deceiver thou art!

Long time hast thou worn Elvina's pure heart.

Shyly it hid in the calm, vesper hour
With a proud cavalier from her fair summer bower.

Elvina is sad. Good reason has she—
Her knight sent a message o'er the blue sea—

A dove bore the token on unruffled wing
That her lover was false—a broken ring.

Close-hooded, to-morrow, at matin bour,
Elvina will go, bearing jewels and dower,
To a convent-cell in the white-cottage town.
She will wear the dark cross—may she win the crown.

B. H.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

At the present moment when London is hastening out of town, east, west, north and south, to the seaside, up the Rhine, the Mediterranean, or under the guidance of some new "Captain Cook," exploring the pyramids and "doing" Jerusalem or Jericho, the London managers do not care to purvey novelty for the stay-at-home tens of thousands, most of whom, by-the-by, betake themselves to excursions long or short, or disport themselves sub jove at the Crystal, Cremorne and Alexandra, or "spend a happy day" down the river at Rosherville, the Clifton, Tivoli, or with "the people's caterer," William Holland, at North Woolwich. Hence our ordinary heading of "The Drama" is well nigh brainless and "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." Revivals and "runs" are the order of the day and night too, for that matter; so we shall content ourselves with a sort of general synopsis of what these theatres which remain open offer to their patrons at this sultry season.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Here Mr. Joseph Jefferson, whose debut we noticed last week, keeps the bills with Gaiety in "Lend me Five Shillings," and Hugh de Brass in "A Regular Fix," Planché's historical drama, "Charles XII," prefacing the two farces.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Boucicault's sensational and realistic melodrama, "The Streets of London," supported by Messrs. Emery, M'Intyre, Shore, Morland and Vaughan, with Meadames Alfred Mellon, Hudspeth, E. Stuart, Cicely Nott, is played nightly. "Hide and Seek" and the "Rendezvous" serve as prologue and epilogue to principal piece. On Thursday Mr. J. W. Anson's benefit took place, when "Guy Mannering" was played with a strong cast, including Mr. Wilford Morgan (with songs), Mr. F. H. Celli, Miss Lucy Franklin, Rachel Sanger, Mrs. A. Stirling, Annie Taylor, Lionel Brough, Charles Harcourt, James Fernandez, F. Dewar, &c. The piece went capitally, and the house was a bumper.

LYCUM THEATRE.—The powerful play adapted by Mr. Charles Reade from "Le Courrier de Lyons" still affords a nightly study to the admirers of Mr. Henry Irving, whose embodiment of the dual character, Lesurques the victim and Dubosc, the robber, is marked by all the power, genius and mannerism of this great and painstaking actor. The petite comedy of "Charles II." serves to raise the curtain.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Here we have some seasonable promenade concerts in a cool, well ventilated house, tastefully adorned with shrubs, flowers, and fountains of ice cold water, and novel appliances for the supply of a refreshing atmosphere. The music, too, under the baton of M. Rivière, rivals anything yet heard at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, or the great concerts of bygone seasons. On the night we looked in a grand selection from Verdi's new opera "Aida," and several excellent songs by Mdlle. Rosetti, Miss Giulia Warwick, and Mr. Celli were in the programme. The orchestra is of the highest class in soloists and the concerted music is of the first order and excellence.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The days or rather nights of "The Scuttled Ship" are numbered, and Mr. Neville is about to produce an entirely reconstructed and almost entirely re-written version of Miss Braddon's early novel, "Lady Audley's Secret." It is, we hear, to be in four acts, and great effects are anticipated from the new scenery and appointments, which are of unusual excellence. On the same night a one-act drama from the pen of Mr. Neville will be produced.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Every night, and all nights (Sundays excepted), "Our Boys," for the —th time and until further notice.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—"Orphée aux Enfers," with its pastoral ballet and ballets of "The Hours," "The Fly," and the "Bacchanalian Dance" holds its own here, and is, without doubt, the most splendid entertainment of the class in the metropolis.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.—Here Miss Jennie Lee is playing "Jo," in Dickens's drama of "Bleak House," to the great satisfaction of the oriental playgoers. The lady has certainly "created" the character and deserves its monopoly.

GAIETY THEATRE.

THERE is certainly variety here. Thérèse, the masculine, and the demonstrative and noisy, is gone, and Chaumont, the espiègle, the pretty, the musical and the merry reigns in her place. Those who admire refined, intelligent and vivacious acting will do well to look in at Mr. Hollingshead's theatre and see Madame Chaumont in "Madame attend Monsieur," and "Le Wagon des Dames." The rest of the Paris Vaudeville company, notably M. Didier, deserve commendation; but "the bright particular star" is Madame Chaumont. At first sight we are pleased with her simple grace and gentle voice, but anon the petite demoiselle lights up with an earnest vivacity and captivating ease that defies description. Light, flashing, evanescent, no sooner do we fix some pleasing trait or tone than it floats away, and another delightful shift of the kaleidoscope presents a new and prettier combination. We will not attempt further description as words cannot fairly convey what can only be properly appreciated by the ear, eye, and mind.

On Wednesday, Mr. Hermann Vezin took his benefit at this theatre, when "As You Like It" was presented with a cast worthy of the period. Jacques, Mr. H. Vezin; Rosalind, Mrs. Kendal; Orlando, Mr. Kendal; Celia, Miss Carlisle; Touchstone, Mr. George Honey; Audrey, Miss Maggie Brennan; Phoebe, Miss Gerard; Adam, Mr. Maclean; Le Beau, M. Marius; The Banished Duke, Mr. Teesdale; Duke Frederick, Mr. Markby; The Wrestler, Mr. Macklin; Oliver, Mr. Kemble; Silvius, Mr. Forbes Robertson; Corin, Mr. W. Young; Amiens (with songs), Mr. Cotte; while the three "little" parts of the First Lord, William the Forrester, and Jacques de Bois were filled by Mr. John Clayton, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mr. H. B. Conway. This is doing honour to Shakespeare, to themselves and their profession, while serving a brother artist.



[THE KING OF THE ISLE.]

THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It seems from the representations of Monsieur Victoire that the family of "L'Orient" really once belonged to the ancient seignory of Provence. The youngest and of course poorer branch of that family were of the company of French Roman Catholics who went out with Lord Baltimore's emigrant troop and settled the province of Maryland.

This particular family fixed upon one of the loveliest and loneliest of the Islands of the Chesapeake, and from that day, through several successive generations, held it in their exclusive possession. Indeed, their greatest desire, their hereditary passion, seemed to be to keep this beloved and beautiful island in the family.

In all these years the intercourse between the European and the American branches of the old house was not suffered to wane. On the contrary, several successive intermarriages had revived and consolidated the relationship. Thus when an heir of the island reached man's estate his choice of a bride was limited by the number of his marriageable female cousins in France. Or if a daughter happened to be the sole heiress a husband was found for her among the males of the same.

The American branch of the house were called for distinction L'Oriens de l'Île (or, of the island). But this term in the course of time became a second surname, or a sort of title, so that the owner of the island was always called Monsieur L'Orient De L'Île. And any European L'Orient who married a sole heiress of the island became in her right also Monsieur L'Orient De L'Île; though by his American neighbours of the coast he was called simply Mr. De L'Île.

We all know that successive intermarriages are not favourable to any race. Hence it is not surprising that the family of L'Oriens De L'Île gradually died out. And the first lineal descendant, Monsieur Hubert De L'Île, who married his first cousin, had neither son nor daughter to succeed him.

The European branch of the house that had remained in France, and had married into other

families, continued, on the contrary, to be a handsome and vigorous race.

And of such was the father of Monsieur Victoire. But Monsieur Victoire had, as he says, an uncle, the elder brother of his father. This man, Monsieur Henri L'Orient, was socially a bachelor and an oddity, and politically a Royalist and a Bourbonist. He had one grand passion, and that was for islands! or, perhaps I should say for the family island in the Chesapeake, to which he was heir presumptive.

During the lifetime of Monsieur and Madame Hubert De L'Île he made several voyages to the Chesapeake and spent many months on the island. His love of the place was immense, his praise of it extravagant, his compliments to the proprietors as sincere as they were overwhelming.

"You are like a king and queen here! you are in your insular domain. Your kingdom is only bounded by the infinite sea!"

Thus he became a great favourite with the childless old people, who would laughingly reply:

"Ah, well! if it is so, if we are a king and queen, then you are the prince and the heir of the kingdom."

And at their death they left a will bequeathing the island to Monsieur Henri L'Orient, and in case the latter should die without children to Monsieur Victoire L'Orient and his heirs for ever.

Monsieur Henri L'Orient was sixty years old when he "came to his kingdom." It was not likely that he would take a wife and become the father of sons and daughters at that age.

So he invited his younger brother, with his family, to accompany him to his insular domain. But madame, his sister-in-law, who was at that time young, pretty, fashionable and extravagant, preferred the saloons of Paris to the loveliest island in the world. And so Monsieur Hubert took leave of his relatives and departed alone for his "kingdom."

Years passed, during which the old man was too much attached to his island, and his relative in Paris too much devoted to pleasure, to permit an exchange of visits.

But fifteen years after the separation madame was a widow without youth, beauty or riches. And her good brother-in-law wrote proposing that she should come and bring her son and take up her residence with him.

But oh, horror! madame could not think of such a thing! She infinitely preferred to trust to her own resources in Paris rather than to go out to live

among "mulattoes and mud turtles on his island in the bay."

And with the help of friends madame opened her Pensionnat des Demoiselles.

Five more years passed and old Monsieur Henri grew older in the solitude of his insular "kingdom." Now, whether it were the effect of his strange and lonely life, the approach of extreme old age, or the misfortunes of his beloved Bourbons, or all of these causes combined, I know not, but the mind of the old man became deranged upon one subject, his grand passion became a monomania, his jest grew earnest, his ownership of the island appeared the sovereignty of a kingdom, and his letters to his sister-in-law and nephew were signed—with more rigid formality of course than a real monarch would have used—

"HENRY, BY GRACE OF GOD, KING OF THE ISLES."

For as his monomania grew he imagined that his sovereign sway extended over all the islands of the cay. At first, as his letters betrayed no other sign of the writer's mental alienation, his sister-in-law deemed this signature an odd piece of pleasantry, as indeed in the first instance it might have been; but when letter after letter came gravely signed in this manner, and when, in addition, he expressed his great anxiety too see her son, the "prince," his nephew—madame's eyes were opened!

"This unfortunate old beast is mad!" she said; "we must look after him."

But just as madame came to this conclusion her own especial family affairs demanded her exclusive attention. Her son Monsieur Victoire was on trial for treason; Victoire's baby-bride had a baby of her own that must be concealed; her "pensionnat" was broken up; her character was impeached; and finally the necessity of a change of residence was for these reasons imperative.

She only waited the result of Victoire's trial, and when he was condemned to Algiers she gathered together the remnants of her property, turned the whole into cash, took her stolen grandchild, whom she chose, for private reasons of her own, to represent, for the present, to its mother, as dead,—and went down to Dijon. Thence she wrote to her brother-in-law, "His Majesty, the King of the Isles," that her son, the "prince," his nephew, had experienced unheard-of misfortunes through his devotion to his allies, the Bourbons; and that he was now banished to Algeria. But that his "Highness" had

left a child, an infant daughter, an angel of beauty; and—what should she do with this child?

The course of months brought back the old man's answer. The "King of the Isles" expressed the most exalted admiration of his nephew, the prince's heroism, and the most profound sorrow for his misfortunes; and ended by entreating his unhappy sister-in-law to bring the "princess," her granddaughter, to be educated at his own court.

"Great Heaven! that old animal is very mad! I hope he is not dangerous! Very well! if he should be, his negro slaves are strong enough to bind him at my command. And who will have a better right to command than I when I get there?" said madame, who being a prompt as well as courageous woman, immediately wrote to the "Island King," saying that she should quickly follow her letter, and have the honour of presenting the "princess" at the court of his Majesty.

And so in the course of a few weeks madame, having in charge the yearling child, embarked on board the "Sirene," bound from Havre to Baltimore, engaging the captain to put her on shore at L'Orient or East Island.

It was after a prosperous voyage of two months, and upon a most beautiful morning in May, that madame was early aroused from her berth to get ready to go on shore. Upon occasion she could be quick in making her toilet, so in twenty minutes from the opening of her eyes she stood upon the deck looking out for the long-talked of, the beloved, the beautiful island.

There it lay before her, in its more than ideal loveliness! There it lay like an emerald on the bosom of the bay! A beautiful green island, dimpled with hill and valley, veined with limpid streams, studded with gray and mossy rocks, shaded with tall groves, and environed by the blue waters that leaped and sparkled in the morningsun like a living sea of liquid sapphires!

There was a vivid and delicate freshness of hue in the luxuriant vegetation of the isle, as peculiar as it was delightful. Far in the interior, from amidst the green beauty of the grove, arose the many tall, white chimneys of the island mansion. Scattered about in picturesque groups were the white cottages of the negro servants. Down on the beach was a white boat-house, built in the shape of a Chinese pagoda.

Madam gazed in a sort of enthusiasm upon the scene.

"It is a magnificent place, after all. My faith! those comical De L'Isles did well to adore it. As for me, I shall take that old madman in hand! I shall assume the direction of affairs. I shall introduce a new order of things; I shall form the acquaintance of the gentry on the mainland; I shall give fêtes and dances! My heaven! I must amuse myself, or else I shall die of grief for poor Victoire, or go mad like his Majesty the King of the Isles! And at last Victoire will come back; or at least my little Koile will grow up; and by-the-bye, it is very fortunate, my faith! that I have this child as a passport to acceptance!" soliloquised madame.

And she had scarcely had time thus to lay out her future before the long-boat came around to the starboard gangway and her trunks were levered into it.

"The boat awaits the pleasure of madame," said the captain, offering himself to assist her in the descent. Madame was carefully seated, the babe was put in her arms, the six sailors plied their oars, and the boat skimmed like a sea-bird the surface of the sparkling waters.

Ten minutes brought them to the landing-place on the isle—a little pier beside the boat-house, painted white, and ascended by three steps.

From this pier an avenue of half a mile in length, shaded by beautiful trees, led up through fields and pleasure-grounds towards the house. All this madame saw at a glance while the boat was pushed up and moored.

But upon the pier stood a most interesting group, namely, "his Majesty the King of the Isles" and the chief ministers of his court—in other words, Monsieur Henri De L'Isle and a half dozen of his negro men.

Madame gazed in a sort of consternation. She had expected to find a very aged, decrepit, drivelling madman. "His Majesty," on the contrary, though eighty years of age, was still one of the finest looking men she had ever set her eyes upon—tall, broad-shouldered, and erect in form, with a fresh, handsome, noble countenance, surrounded by a thick growth of hair and beard as white as snow.

He wore a purple cashmere morning-gown folded like a royal robe about his person. His manner was dignified and courteous as he stood waiting to receive his guests.

The half-dozen negro men that were with him were neatly dressed in white trousers and pink

skirts, and were remarkable for their healthful and joyous appearance.

"Very good, the madman and his familiars are not so ill to look upon," said madame, as with the child in her arms she left the boat.

Monsieur Henri, with the air of the Grand Monarque, came down to meet her.

"Welcome, illustrious lady and beloved sister, welcome to our court, our kingdom, and our heart," he said, holding out both his hands.

"I thank you, monseigneur," replied madame. But as she was embarrassed with the babe in her arms she could not accept his offered courtesy.

"Why, how then, is madame, my sister, left without her retinue? And has the princess, my niece, no attendances?" exclaimed Monsieur Henri, looking excessively shocked.

"Madame the Duchesse de Verri had no more when she wandered in La Vendée," said our madame, demurely.

"Oh, miserable country! oh, unfortunate princess," exclaimed the old man, lifting his hands and raising his eyes to Heaven. Then—"Give me the illustrious babe," he said, and taking the child in his arms with the solemn air of a bishop who was about to baptise it he called to one of his negroes, "Come hither, Monsieur Louis."

A tall, aged man, with a very black skin and very white hair, who was clothed like the others, in a pink skirt and white trousers, approached and bowed respectfully.

"This is my High Constable of the Kingdom, madame," said Monsieur De L'Isle, introducing the newcomer.

Then placing the infant solemnly in the arms of the old negro he charged him, saying:

"Receive your princess, Monsieur Louis, and bear her on before us to the palace. I follow with madame."

Without suffering a muscle of his very intelligent face to change the old negro received the babe and led the way up the shaded avenue towards the house.

"August lady and dear sister, will you accept my arm?" said Monsieur Henri, bowing and offering his services with the air of Chevalier Bayard.

"I thank you, monseigneur," said the 'august lady,' suffering him to draw her arm within his own and lead her on up the lovely, shadowy walk through the shrubberies, the pleasure grounds, and the flower gardens.

There were so many flowers, especially roses—'roses, everywhere roses'—they flushed all the green island with their bloom, and filled all the air with their perfume.

They clustered thicker as you approached the white house with its many tall chimneys and its central front portico. They climbed its posts and ran along its eaves and cornices, and shaded its windows.

"What a beautiful, beautiful place!" said madame, in rapture.

Mons. Henri led her up the white stone stairs of the portico, through the front door, and into a broad central hall from which several half-open doors on either side revealed glimpses of many spacious rooms in their summer array of straw matting, white curtains, linen covers, and many flowers; while the wide open doors at the back of the hall exposed a pleasant view of gardens, vineyards, and orchards, sloping down to the shore.

"Welcome to my court, illustrious madame," said Monsieur De L'Isle, opening the first door on his right, and ushering his guest into a pleasant, airy parlour. He led her to an arm-chair, placed her in it, and then rang for attendance.

The bell was answered by the appearance of a handsome and even very intellectual-looking mulatto woman, of about thirty years of age, who courtesied and stood waiting.

"This is Mademoiselle Madeleine, the first lady of your bed-chamber, madame," said Monsieur Henri, presenting the woman to her new mistress.

"And now, mademoiselle, conduct your august mistress to her apartment. Monsieur Louis? Ah, you are there! Deliver the princess into the charge of mademoiselle."

The woman took the babe, and bowing to madame led the way upstairs to a suite of apartments on the right side of the central hall, whose many windows looked out upon the beautiful pleasure grounds of the island and upon the surrounding sea, and whose summer furniture was arranged with the nicest regard to comfort and elegance.

"My faith, the lunatic knows how to keep house," thought the lady. Then turning to her attendant she inquired:

"Does your master ever become violent?"

"Madame?"

"I ask you, does your master ever become ungovernable—dangerous?"

"Pardon. I do not understand madame," said the woman, gravely and respectfully.

"You will not, I suspect," muttered the lady; then aloud, she asked:

"How long has your master been mad?"

"Pardon. Madame has been misinformed; my master is not mad."

"Your master is not mad!" exclaimed the lady, in astonishment.

"No, madame," replied the mulatto, calmly.

"You tell me that your master, Monsieur Henri De L'Isle, is not mad?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then if he is not mad, I should not wonder if you told me next that he is King of the Isles."

"Certainly, madame, he is King of the Isles."

"How? Your master, Monsieur De L'Isle, King of the Isles?"

"Assuredly, madame, since he says it."

"Oh, then, since this is so, I see how it is. I have arrived at Bedlam, and we are all lunatics together!" exclaimed the visitor, highly provoked.

"Has madame any order?" inquired the woman, humbly.

"Yes; lay that child on the bed and go and send Louis to me."

"Yes, madame." And the woman left the room to do her errand.

In a few moments Louis appeared at the chamber door, bowed and stood waiting.

"Louis, how long has your master been mad?" inquired the lady, peremptorily.

"Forgive, but madame has been deceived: my master is not mad."

"Then I suppose that he is really King of the Isles?" questioned the guest, ironically.

"Undoubtedly, madame, since he says so."

"And he is not mad?"

"Assuredly not, madame."

"Then I am, that is all."

"Has madame any orders?"

"No—yes! tell Madeleine to return to me."

The old man bowed deeply and retired.

Madame clasped her temples with both hands.

"Yes," she said; "it is I, without doubt, who am mad, or shall soon become so. Here I arrive at the extremity of the civilised world—the very jumping-off place, and what do I find? A courtly madman, who calls himself King of the Isles, and a pair of mulatto savages, who address me in the elegantly turned phrase of the Tuileries and confirm his title—Ah, in a good hour, here comes mademoiselle, my maid of honour."

The entrance of the mulatto put an end to madame's soliloquy and suggested the propriety of arranging her toilet. With the assistance of Madeleine her black satin dressing-gown was arranged, her well-dyed black ringlets smoothed, the white lace collar and mits put on, and madame was ready to go down to breakfast.

Mademoiselle remained to take care of the child.

Louis stood outside the door, bowed, and preceded the lady to show her the way to the breakfast parlour.

It was a delightful room on the right hand of the hall, with its floor covered with straw matting. Its many muslin-draped windows were open to a view of rolling green meadows, covered with tender spring vegetation, and variegated with apple, peach, and cherry trees, all in full bloom.

And beyond the wide expanse of sparkling, leaping blue water stretched away until its boundaries were lost under the purple, crimson, and gold of the morning horizon.

The breakfast table, covered with fine white damask, and adorned with a service of silver and white Sevres, was laden with all the luxuries of the season.

Monsieur De L'Isle (unless the reader prefers that I should call him the King of the Isles) stood ready to hand madame to the table—an act of gallantry that he performed with the stately courtesy of a Guise or a Medici.

Louis took his stand at a sideboard that stood between two of the open windows, and from whence he served coffee, tea, or chocolate.

Madame had enough to do to watch her host. She engaged him in conversation, hoping to be able to measure the extent of his insanity, and to find out whether, and how best, she could wrest from his aged hands the control of his own property: first, whether she could not do it without having recourse to law; secondly, whether she could do it even through law.

Of the first there was little hope; the old man's mind upon every subject but the one acted with a vigour, clearness, and directness that proved him to be a very unlikely subject for even the most artful woman's government; of the second there was no certainty, for, though upon one idea he was undoubtedly mad, yet, upon the first suspicion of her

purpose to subject him to a medical or a judicial examination, he would assuredly have the cunning to conceal his madness—a measure in which he would be supported by his two educated slaves, Louis and Madeleine, who, for whatever reason, were certainly flatterers of his mania.

However, madame was not a woman rashly to resign a purpose, or grow hopeless of its accomplishment.

And all this time, while her head was busily brewing plots, the old man, the purposed victim of her machinations, was leading her with compliments and attentions.

When breakfast was over madame set herself to arrange her own personal attendance. Madeleine was retained as her maid.

And a pretty mulatto girl named Coralie, the younger sister of Madeleine, was appointed nurse to the "Princess Etiole."

Frivole, the boy brother of those girls, was brought from the garden into the house as page and messenger. And madame's establishment was complete.

The next day was the Sabbath. Madame was a devout Roman Catholic, and a scrupulous attendant upon mass. Here was a difficulty not thought of before. Where and how should she attend mass? She early rang her bell.

Her maid answered the summons.

"Madeleine, how far are we from the main land?"

"About fifty miles."

"Very good. How far is the nearest Catholic chapel from this?"

"St. Inigoos, the nearest, madame, is fifty miles."

"Better! Madeleine, my brother-in-law, your master, his Majesty the King of the Isles, when he was simply Monsieur Henri, used to be a good Catholic."

"And he is so still, madame."

"But good Catholics are under obligations to hear mass once every Sunday."

"Yes, madame."

"Yes, madame. It is very well to say, 'Yes, madame,' but how upon earth do you reconcile the neglect of that duty on the part of your master with your declaration that he is still a good Catholic?"

"But madame will pardon me. She hastens to conclusions. My master does not neglect his Christian duties."

"Then I should be glad to know how he performs them. You do not mean to say that he goes fifty miles to hear mass at St. Inigoos?"

"No, madame."

"How then?"

"His Holiness the Pope offers up mass here every Sunday, before breakfast."

"Oh?"

"His Holiness the Pope offers up mass here every Sunday, before breakfast, in the chapel fitted up for that purpose."

"Oh! my head! my head!" cried the poor woman, wildly clapping her hands to her temples.

"Is madame ill?" coolly inquired the mulatto.

"Ill? Is all the world raving mad? You tell me, you impudent! you impudent! you insolent! outrageous! You tell me that the Pope says mass here every Sunday!"

"Madame can assure herself of that fact," replied Madeleine, with an humble, but injured look.

"I shall go mad! I got over your King of the Isles, your Lord High Constable, and your Princess Etiole—but his Holiness the Pope saying mass here every Sunday—no! I won't endure that!"

"Madame has the privilege to object!"

"Begone!"

"Yes, madame. But pardon me for delaying long enough to say my master bade me inform you, that High Mass would be celebrated in the chapel this morning; and that Louis would be in attendance to conduct you thither."

"Begone, I say, while I have some rationality left!"

"Certainly, madame."

"Stop! come back; help me to dress; I will go to the chapel that the dream may be finished, and I may wake up the sooner."

Madame obediently came back.

Madame quickly made her toilet and left her chamber, at the door of which she found Louis waiting to attend her.

"Louis, is it true that mass will be celebrated here this morning?"

"Yes, madame."

"But who will officiate?"

"Our Most Holy Father, the Pope!"

"Go to the—, I mean go on before me."

Madame had nearly permitted herself, in her indignation, to use profane language.

Louis, undisturbed by his mistress's excitement, walked down before her, until he paused before the door of the chapel, which was one of those pleasant rooms on the first floor.

Madame entered, and found herself in an apartment fitted up as a church.

At the upper extremity stood an altar adorned with sacred pictures and statuettes, wreathed with flowers, and lighted with many wax candles. From a silver censer burning before it arose a rich aroma that filled the air.

Dark, rich transparencies pulled down before the windows produced something of the effect of stained glass, and threw over the scene an atmosphere at once brilliant and solemn.

Between every window was some picture of saint or angel.

Rows of neat white benches supplied the place of pews.

All the slaves of the island plantation, dressed in their summer Sunday suits of pure white, were here assembled, with a quiet and devout demeanour.

Before the altar, with his back to the congregation, stood a very tall and dignified old man in the triple-crowned mitre and the pontifical robes and vestments of his Holiness the Pope.

Madame sank into the nearest seat through the sheer exhaustion produced by an overwhelming astonishment.

"What did this mean?"

"Who was this person?"

How dared any subordinate priest, bishop, or archbishop, or even cardinal, assume the pontifical robes?

The strains of an organ now arose on the air.

She looked around—saw the organ, it was behind her, and beside the door by which she had entered, but a screen reaching half way up the instrument concealed the organist from her view. What did it all mean?

But the mass had commenced, and madame was too devout a Catholic to stop to think when it was time to pray.

So down she dropped upon her knees, and began in the form of the ritual, and in her case, no doubt, with the exactest truth, to accuse herself of every sin in the catalogue.

And in her devotions she forebore to look about or raise her eyes again to the mysterious old man who officiated at the altar.

At last at the conclusion of the solemnities, when the celebrant turned round toward the people, and solemnly extending his venerable hands, intoned "Deus Gratus," madame raised her eyes, and to her inexpressible scandalisation recognised Monsieur Henri.

"Good! This better than the rest! He is a king all the week and the Pope on Sunday. But it would be a mortal sin in me to allow this madness to go on any longer! I would put up with the king for six days, but the Pope, Holy Virgin! no, that must be stopped. I'll make an excuse of an errand to town, get him to let me have a barque, and go to the main land and to the county seat, and take out a writ of lunacy against him. I will lose no time. I will do this to-morrow."

While madame thus resolved the congregation were quietly dispersing.

As there was but one outlet to this room the officiating priest himself came down; and in passing by his guest he paused, extended his hands over her head in the most solemn and benignant manner, and said, gravely and slowly:

"Benedicite, illustrious daughter," and then in measured steps passed out.

Sunday, on the Sunrise Island, was a day of Heaven—as the isle itself was a terrestrial paradise.

The fifty servants, entirely freed from labour at the time, and dressed in their festive garments, wandered about with their children in couples, trios or groups—over the green fields, beside the singing streams, or along the silvery sand beach; or they sat in groups under the shady groves; or reposed, stretched at length, beneath some gigantic tree; or gathered in some large arbour around some one of their number, who had been taught to read, and who read to them from the Book of books; or else they united their voices in a psalm of thanksgiving that arose joyously from that green and blooming island of the sea, filling all the sunny air with music.

And the lovely day was followed by a moonlight night, and their Sabbath recreations were closed by the assembling of the whole band of servants, and the singing of an evening hymn.

Then, after partaking of the simple Sunday supper of coffee, cakes and fruit, served under the trees, they separated for the night.

And Monsieur Henri, no longer pope, but king, sat upon his front piazza, with his niece upon his knee, his sister-in-law beside him, and his two favourite servants Madeleine and Louis near at hand, and watched the departing figures of his people as they defied off in twos and threes and

larger groups towards their respective neat, white cabins.

"My subjects are happy, I think, my dear sister! At least it is my study to make them so. And they love me. Yes, they love me. That is what keeps my old age green," said the old man.

And assuredly no people in the world were happier as a community than these dependants of the good old man—these subjects of a self-styled king.

"They seem contented and prosperous," said madame.

"They have nothing left to wish for, and on their side leave me nothing to desire. Neither have I any cares of government—Louis manages all my affairs," said the old man with a look of infinite content.

The next day, Monday, "his Majesty" requested a private interview with his "august sister," in which he begged that she would give him a full and particular account of her illustrious son, "the prince," his nephew's misfortunes.

And madame gave a distorted version of the truth—relating that Monsieur Victoire had been condemned to the colonies for conspiring in favour of the Bourbons, and that his young wife, an English lady of high rank, had abandoned him in his misfortunes.

The mind of the old man in attending to this story seemed divided between exalted admiration for the heroism and profound sorrow for the misfortunes of his nephew.

They then talked of the affairs of the Island. And Madame learned from all she heard and saw that Monsieur Henri De L'Isle, notwithstanding his monomania, and perhaps even because of it, was one of the best of masters and wisest of rulers—truly deserving to be called by the threefold titles that he claimed of king, priest, and father of his people.

He had, on first coming to the island, found Louis and Madeleine—a bright intelligent brother and sister, the former twenty, the latter ten years of age.

He had taught them both to read, write, and keep accounts.

They were both perfectly devoted to his person and interests, and in the twenty years of his residence on the island an attachment had grown up between himself and them, that more nearly resembled the confidential friendship of equals than the relative regard of master and servants.

Yet their reverential affection for their master amounted to idolatry.

No absurdity of which the old man through his monomania might be guilty could provoke from their respectful countenances a smile.

They seemed really to wish to believe him to be a king, rather than to admit him to be a madman. Never for an instant was their guarded reverence for him surprised or betrayed.

No matter how sudden, startling, and perplexing the questions put by madame upon the subject of their master's madness, their answers were always ready, grave, respectful and uncompromising.

"Pray, how long has it been since Monsieur Henri has enjoyed the dignity of being a king all the week and a pope on Sunday?" inquired madame of Louis that identical Monday morning.

"To us, ever since he first announced himself as such, madame," replied Louis, with an humble bow.

"Pray, has Monsieur Henri friends and neighbours on the main land?" questioned the lady of Madeleine.

"Very many, madame."

"And do they know that he is mad?"

"They cannot know that since he is not, madame," replied the woman, deferentially.

And madame could never surprise either Louis or Madeleine, or any other servant on the plantation into the slightest betrayal of a suspicion that anything was amiss with their master's brain.

This brother and sister were the mainstays of their old master.

Louis managed his farm, orchard, vineyard, garden and fishery, and attended to the sale of the products of the whole.

Madeleine kept his house, table and wardrobe in order, and nursed him through any indisposition. Madame saw at once that she herself was a supernumerary in the establishment; that the position assigned to her was that of a most honoured guest, most welcome to remain for ever, but neither expected nor desired to take any trouble, or assume any responsibility in the government of the family.

Now this position was by no means acceptable to her feelings, and she resolved to carry into immediate execution her purpose of going that day to the main land to apply for a writ of lunacy in behalf of her brother-in-law.

Having ascertained from Monsieur Henri that the island belonged to the County of Northampton, and that the county town was Eastville, she begged that he would allow her the use of the barque and the men to work it to take her to that town, where she said she wished to make some purchases of summer clothing for herself and the child.

Monsieur Henri, with the most cordial politeness, at once assented, adding that he should do himself the honour of attending his beloved sister.

Now this was quite an unexpected difficulty. His presence must defeat her object.

She therefore begged that he would not take the trouble to accompany her, and entreating that he would regard his ease and health.

But Monsieur De L'Ile was not to be exceeded in politeness.

He assured his sister-in-law that to attend her to Eastville would afford him unmixed gratification.

And he further informed her that he himself had business at the court-house, that required his immediate attention.

There was therefore nothing for her to do but to submit to necessity and trust to circumstances to favour her design.

And since he was really himself going to the court-house, that very event might so turn out as to enable her, without difficulty, to deliver him into the hands of the proper authorities for his safe custody.

She therefore affected to accept his proffered services with great thankfulness.

He informed her, however, that it would require a whole day to go and return from Eastville, and that therefore, if she pleased, he would give orders for the barque to be made ready for service by sunrise next morning.

To that feature of the plan, also, she assented with seeming gratitude.

(To be Continued.)

HIS EVIL GENIUS.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE Gulper was a parting present from his majesty the king of the Shillouks, a tribe inhabiting the southern part of Nubia.

The poor little fellow's tongue had been cut out when a child, but he was as sharp and active as a monkey, and just as full of tricks and mischief.

He was a great favourite with us both, though we used to have to thrash him on an average of at least three times a day, which was necessary to keep him in any sort of order.

Gulper had not long before the incident I am now going to tell you fallen in with, and to our most intense interest had a regular stand-up fight with a great orang-outang half as big again as himself, and having vanquished and slain his foe, he within a few days contrived entirely to extract the flesh and bones piecemeal, for all the world like the inside of a roasted potato; and having thus completely cleaned out the brute's skin, ingeniously fitted himself into it as into a garment.

In this fancy costume the "Gulper," when in a particularly facetious humour, used occasionally to perform a sort of pantomime for our amusement, indulging in all kinds of antics and absurdities. He also found it extremely efficacious when pushing through the thorns and thickets of the scrub, which he used to do, pioneering a way for us with most marvellous pluck and dexterity.

He was as usual leading the way in his favourite costume when, as I was going to tell you, we came so suddenly and unexpectedly upon the opposition encampment of another European traveller.

Gulper, with a wild scream of delight at the sight, jumped into the midst of them, and was making a hideous grimace, which had cost McTrigger no little trouble in instructing him in, as a reminiscence of the once famous clown, Joe Grimaldi. The whole circle had sprung up in amazement at this apparition, as well they might.

In another instant, without even time for an exclamation, the man who seemed to be the leader amongst them had his rifle to his cheek, with its muzzle within two feet of poor Gulper's head.

McTrigger rushed forward, seized hold of the barrel, and after a very slight tussle wrested it from the fellow's grasp, and, by way of a lesson for his rash hastiness, caught his antagonist a smartish tap on the top of his head with the stock of his own rifle, immediately counteracting the effect of the same with

a well-applied kick in an opposite direction, as he turned and fled with a howl of terror; in which example he was followed by the whole "boiling" of his companions and followers, who dispersed in every direction, without one of them stopping even to look behind him.

The whole thing passed in less than the twinkling of an eye—so quickly, indeed, that on neither side had we found time to utter a word.

From the half inarticulate exclamation of the head swell, as he took to his heels, we fancied he must be a Frenchman, but we were not sure. After in vain shouting to them to stop, we enjoyed a most hearty laugh at the absurdity of the adventure; and then, finding that they did not seem inclined to return, we sat down in their places and, ravenously hungry as we were, did full justice to some excellent wild-pork soup which we found boiling in their pot. It was, I own, not perhaps strictly honest, but if you had been as we were, hard put to it for food and drink, I am sure that you, or any one else in our places, would have done the same.

Hunger, like necessity, has no law; but hunger hardly expresses what the niggers themselves call "gouamba"—it is, indeed, the most intense craving for animal food, amounting almost to absolute torment; and the cassava, and those villainous wild sweet potatoes, which was all we had been living on for ever so many days—ever since, in fact, we had come to the end of our ammunition—though it may partially have appeased our appetites at the time, certainly only tended to increase the same awful craving again later.

After we had thus regaled ourselves we really did our best to follow and come up with the strangers; but though we beat the country all round for some considerable distance, until late that evening, not one of them could we find.

In the meantime I am sorry to have to tell that the "Gulper" and our other niggers—who, taken all together, were the most faithful and honest of retainers to ourselves, their lawful masters—having but undefined ideas as to the rights of meum and tuum in regard to the rest of mankind, had helped themselves largely to the contents of the well-stored but deserted waggons.

Ammunition, provisions, and other spoils we found carefully conveyed, and ostentatiously displayed as trophies in front of our tent when we returned to it that night; and great was the amazement of our suite, and not slight their indignation as far as they dared show it, when we thrashed them all round severely for their pains.

Our head-quarters were at that time some five or six miles from where we had thus unexpectedly lighted on these strangers. We agreed that the best way would be to allow them two or three days' quiet to recover themselves, and then, having pretty accurately marked their whereabouts, send them a message of amity and apology, with a full restitution of, or at least offer of compensation for, our followers' maraudings.

It was on the third morning, accordingly, that our oldest and steadiest negro, who had picked up a considerable smattering of English, accompanied by the unfortunate (as he proved to be) "Gulper," as more talented in finding his way through the dense thickets, was despatched as an ambassador of peace.

We absolutely forbade them to carry their spears or arrows, but Tatoo-top, which was what we had named our majordomo from the peculiar form of his head, would insist upon arraying himself like the Gulper (whose costume, as I have described it, was the object of the most intense envy to the whole of his fellows), in the skin of a large baboon which I had shot some time since, with the bristly mane of a wild boar, another trophy of the chase, thrown gracefully over his head.

They were particularly charged to be most respectful in their demeanour, and the Gulper more especially to refrain from any sort of Grimaldian postures or grimaces. Alas, poor Gulper, it was a fatal expedition for him.

Tatoo-top returned to us after two days' absence in a grievous condition, himself wounded, and stating that Gulper had been shot through the head by a white man, at seeing which catastrophe Tatoo-top naturally turned and made a rush for the scrub.

Since my return to England I have been given to understand that the orang-outang skin of poor Gulper has been exhibited, and is, I believe, now to be seen artistically stuffed in a museum, having been brought to England as a trophy of the prowess and bravery of the traveller.

I never can remember the fellow's name, whose account I have no doubt, for I have never yet had time to read it, differs somewhat in details from mine, which all the same is the true one. So much then for my tropical adventures!

If you want to know the fuller particulars you

must, as I tell you, buy the volumes as soon as they come out, and having paid your money, take in just as much as you like, and no more, for gospel. Suffice it to say, that McTrigger and myself abstained from all wilful fibs, though we cannot be responsible for the imagination and embellishments of the publisher's agent.

But what cannot be disputed is, that it must have been our own fault if we did not see something of these unknown territories and kingdoms, and empires, of which I had never heard the name before; for we certainly traversed the whole lot of them—going in at the extreme north-east of the continent, we eventually came out again one fine day at the extreme south-western point, almost down at the Cape itself.

There making a stay of some duration, in course of time we resumed the manners and customs of civilisation in regard to washing and combing ourselves; and, after undergoing a regular course of clipping and singeing, once more en clothed our limbs in the recognised fashions of Christians—shooting jackets and overcoats—having passed just three years and nine months, as a comparison of calendars proved it to be, though it did not seem to me like more than half that time to look back upon, in our wanderings among the heathen.

It was in the spring of 1860 that we set out from Cape Town, where we had been most hospitably treated by the settlers and officers of the regiments quartered in the lively diggings, and working our way in traders across to Madagascar, and then up along the eastern coast of the Continent, came up the Red Sea, and across by the regular overland route from Suez.

As with the former companion of my sojourning in Africa, so was it again at Malta, that McTrigger and I parted in real sorrow; thrown together as we had been so entirely, as we had not wrangled on any single occasion to quarrel, we were of course become like two brothers in our affection and regard for one another.

But he was obliged to come on to England to take some regimental appointment, which the interest of his friends had procured for him, while I found myself once more in Italy.

On board the P. and O. steamer, which brought us from Alexandria, I happened to fall in with an old Indian civilian, a judge, or a commissioner, or common councilman, or whatever those fellows are, coming home on three years' leave with a dilapidated liver and an enthusiastic devotion to the fine arts.

My new friend's name was Wrott, which he was very fiercely particular about having always correctly spelt with its W and two T's.

Besides that pardonable weakness his one sole idea was painting, though how he really could enjoy and appreciate the beauties of colouring considering that he had, in moments of confidence, more than once lamented to me that from the hopeless derangement of his digestive organs, in the service of an ungrateful country, or rather honourable company, everything in the earth, air, or sea around him appeared to his eyes of the same rich golden hue, even yellow as the yolks of eggs puzzled me.

I think I never met anyone who was theoretically so well up in the subject, and naturally fond as I had always been of the arts, I felt sensibly improved and refined in my own tastes, while my knowledge and judgment were proportionately cultivated under such excellent guidance.

He always carried about with him a perfect library of handbooks, dictionaries, and every sort of standard work ever published upon art, all of which he informed me he had read through and through, over and again, while left to his own resources in the secluded retirement of Handy-Bundy Bangdour, which was, so far as I could make out, the post town of his Indian residence, until he knew every page of them all by heart, and was now enjoying to the full the fruits of his study and acquired information.

We visited—"did"—that is the correct enthusiastic traveller's term—not only the principal galleries and collections of Naples, Rome, Florence, and the other great capitals and cities, but all the out-of-the-way places where there were any fine frescoes or paintings to be seen, such as Orvieto, Assisi, Foligno, and then all the northern part, through Bologna, Ferrara, Padua, and Venice, where by the way, I nearly most ungratefully repaid poor old Wrott for all the pains and patience he had shown in making a first-rate connoisseur of me, as though I that shouldn't have to say so, I now conscientiously really feel myself to be.

In return for all which I upset the poor old fellow

out of a gondola, and as near as a touché drowned him in the Adriatic, half way across to the Lido, by unfortunately catching a crab while taking my first lesson in the style of rowing peculiar to that country from our "graceful gondolier."

I had only returned to England about five or six months when I met you as I did in the grand stand on the Derby Day, for I had been in no particular hurry as long as I was jolly, and time passed happily from day to day in the way it was doing.

I had come of age—that is, was thirty-two the previous autumn; but finding the accumulation of my allowance, which all the time I had been in Africa I had needed to take very little from, quite sufficient for my wants, I had written to my man of business to see after my concerns, and take all the necessary steps for establishing me properly in my rights.

I was dodging about from one place to another, so that letters miscarried, or from one cause or another it was some months before I received an intimation that I had better come home at once, as there seemed some danger of a very troublesome hitch arising in my affairs.

I knew how apt those lawyer fellows often are to make a fuss about trifles in order to display their own cleverness and energy in the interests of their clients, so that even when in due course of time those threatening intimations did reach me I did not think much of them, but had so far allowed them to influence me as to decide me in leisurely working my way homewards.

I had arrived accordingly in Paris, where I happened to take up an old copy of the "Times," in the second column of which, to my great surprise, my eye was caught by my name in full, Francis Pelham Lambert, advertised in the plainest type.

"Last heard of by his sorrowing friends in 1856 as then serving in the Turkish Contingent before Sebastopol. Any person giving information as to the present address of the above gentleman, if still alive, or bringing satisfactory and legal evidence of the decease of the same F. P. Lambert, shall be handsomely rewarded for his trouble. Letters to be addressed to M. G., care of Messrs. McKraft and Wrascall, late Wyley, McKraft and Co., Sharper's Row, W.C., London."

"Wyley and McKraft had, I knew, split partnership some months since, and were now sworn enemies. I gave some credit to the former, who had been for the last few months in tolerably constant correspondence with myself, for his honesty in not coming down upon his former partners, or rather the mysterious M. G., for the handsome reward forthwith.

But as I have found out since it was upon my own individual affairs that the actual quarrel had arisen and the firm broken up, and that Wyley, upon the appearance of that advertisement, had taken the trouble to go down personally to my mother, to warn and impress upon her upon no account to give any information to anybody as to where I was or what I had been about, and even to be careful not to allow her own servants to gain a clue, which might be a temptation to them, by sending them to post any letters addressed to me abroad.

Of course you may guess who the M. G. was who was taking this lively interest in my fate, dead or alive.

Who but Melchior Gorles himself again? though, strange to say, the truth did not at first strike me so immediately as you would probably imagine.

I had been so long away, and out of the reach, as I suppose, of the cycle of his influence, that I had almost left off thinking, or certainly worrying my mind as I had formerly done, about the little wretch.

I had entirely forgotten that having married my nearest of kin, the only daughter of my poor father's cousin, that in case of my dying unmarried or without children, his wife was in fact my heiress-at-law.

That was the simple explanation with which old Wyley put me off, though I could see all the while by his shuffling manner that he was keeping back something more of importance; for stirred up as I had been by seeing myself thus put in the Hue and Cry I had come over with a "whisker," and within less than twenty hours of taking up that paper, had found myself in old Wyley's new offices in Gray's Inn.

My lawyer advised me to go down home to Hertfordshire, and at once assume all rights and possession of the property which I had come into by my grandfather's will, adding that it would be time enough to begin to bother myself about the "hitch" when it should arise, as probably none ever would, and which in fact he now declared that he had only

alluded to in order to bring me home to look after my own place and property as I ought to do.

I did not half believe the cunning old fox, as I say, while thus trying to throw me off the scent, but I could get nothing more out of him. As Gorles' name had been mentioned, by-the-bye, he cautioned me to be wary of him, and to keep as much as I could out of his way; indeed, the less I had to do with any of the firm—he alluded to his late partners—perhaps the better.

I did not need this advice in regard to Master Gorles, as you may imagine; but in spite of my hatred and determined avoidance of him, his baneful influence again began to circumvent and pursue my path.

Having established myself in my new home, Kraxted Manor as it is called, and remained there some six or seven weeks, I began to find it rather dull.

I knew none of the neighbours; most of them, indeed, just as I first went down there had moved up to London upon the opening of Parliament. The shooting was over, even if every head of game had not, as I found, been killed down.

Messrs. McKraft and Wrascall, on the strength of being my agents before their partnership had been dissolved, had actually had the impudence to go down occasionally for a day in my preserves, and had even added to the insult by having sometimes taken Gorles with them, who, the old keeper informed me, had given himself no end of airs; ordering the beaters and people about, and even more than intimating that he might probably before long come to live there as master and owner of the property.

The first trick Gorles played me upon my return to town was to get me black-balled for the Loungers, a club I was particularly anxious to get into, and for which McTrigger, when he returned to England the year before myself, had put down my name. I had lots of old school and college friends amongst the members, besides its having been my poor father's club, so there were many of his old comrades who would have given me a welcome for his sake.

It is the custom at the Loungers for any number of personal friends of a candidate to back his election by subscribing their names beneath those of the actual proposer and seconder in the book.

Gorles, who had by some means been admitted to that club, happening, as ill-luck would have it, to see my name up as a candidate, must needs wind up a tolerably long list of my personal friends by his his own name scrawled in gigantic type. It was a great pity that McTrigger did not at once withdraw my name, as the fate of any one supposed to be a friend of Gorles was a certainty.

He was shortly afterwards himself expelled for throwing a bottle of ink in the face of one of the waiters who had offended him.

It was just like my luck, my destiny, my fate, or whatever you like to call it, when, having been elected into the Ramblers, upon my first entrance I took up one of the lists of members, and amongst them found Gorles' name there also. That is the club in the Derby lottery of which I had happened to have drawn the winning horse.

Though not one of the most fashionable, it has more than perhaps its proportion of City swells in it, fond of a snack of racing and sport, and with lots of money to spare.

I went there but very seldom, and never, as it happened, once ran against my *bête noir*, even when I did so, though that did not prevent him serving me another evil turn again in the usual, indirect manner, as of old.

I had run down out of town for three or four days, when I received by one morning's post the pleasing intimation that the house in which I lodged had been burnt down to the ground, by which I lost all my clothes and effects, including no end of trophies, curios, pictures, and all manner of different things which I had collected in my travels, and which I would not willingly have parted with for the world.

The fire had originated, as I had the gratification of learning from the next day's "Times," in a small house which communicated at the back, occupied by a gentleman of the name of Gorles, who fortunately, as the report went on to say, had insured, only a few weeks previously, the whole of his furniture and other valuables which he had collected and arranged at the greatest cost and trouble, but which had all been entirely destroyed by the fire. I not having the same fortunate prudence and foresight, of course lost everything.

Gorles had done me the honour to call and leave, as I suppose I was to take it, a card of condolence; but I had never set eyes upon him until that day that we ourselves met, and when you saw him come

up to buy the lottery-ticket from me at the Grand Stand at Epsom on the Derby Day.

Thus ended the very strange story of my friend Frank Lamtard.

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

PREPARING COTTON WARPS FOR DYEING.

In many dye works articles before being dyed are cleaned with soap, and then rinsed. Although this treatment cannot be pronounced irrational or bad, it is not to be recommended to every dyer. An inequality in the manner of rinsing the washed garments often produces spots or shades during dyeing. In dye works not provided with soft water other means are used in place of soap. The best agent for cleansing is carbonate of soda. A somewhat concentrated lye generally removes the greater part of the spots.

To cleanse twenty garments for dyeing, a beek of the needful size is filled with water at 155 deg. Fah., in which 4 lbs. 8 ozs. of soda crystals are dissolved. In this the goods, well spread out, are allowed to steep for four or five hours. At the end of this time the garments are taken out, one by one, and spread upon a very clean table close at hand. A strong and hot lye of soda is prepared in a pail, and such parts as are spotted with grease, etc., are treated therewith, with the aid of a hard brush, till they disappear.

To remove hardened spots of stearic, paraffin, tar, resin, etc., benzine (not benzoline) must be used. A rubber is steeped with it and applied to the spot till it is completely removed. The rubber, thus used instead of a brush, is formed of a piece of woollen cloth rolled tightly up, and covered with a small piece of cotton or linen. The whole must be large enough to be grasped firmly in the hand.

In well organised dye houses no garment is washed in rivers, but in properly arranged washing machines.

Green on garments with cotton warps (11 lbs.): Mordant for an hour at a boil, with 2 lbs. 3 ozs. alum, 8½ ozs. tartar, 4½ ozs. sulphuric acid, 6½ ozs. extract of indigo, 2 lbs. 3 ozs. fustic. Put it then in a fresh beek, containing 17½ ozs. alum, and the same weight of fustic. Work for an hour, lift, and enter in a fresh beek, with 2 lbs. 3 ozs. alum. Leave it in this latter beek for two hours, turning it from time to time. Lift, wring, and dye in a fresh cold beek, with methyl green. For deeper shades extract of logwood may be added.

Brown on garments with cotton warps (11 lbs.): Make a decoction of 2 lbs. 3 ozs. catechu in water; decant the clear liquid, and add to it the solution of 5 ozs. bluestone. Enter the garment, spread out, and steep for an hour. Lift, press, and enter in a boiling beek, made up in the proportion of 1 lb. 10 ozs. argol, and 17½ ozs. bi-chromate of potash. Boil for half-an-hour, then lift, and dye for the same length of time with 2 lbs. 3 ozs. peachwood and 17½ ozs. fustic. After boiling for half-an-hour, lift, and examine if the shade is as required. If not, it may be reached by an addition of peachwood, fustic, or logwood, keeping up the boil. If the cotton is not of the same shade as the wool, 3½ to 5½ ozs. of alum is added to the dye beek, and the goods are re-entered, but not boiled.

Black on garments with cotton warps (11 lbs.): Dissolve 8½ ozs. solid extract of logwood in boiling water, and boil the goods in this. Lift and boil for 45 minutes, in a fresh beek, made up with 8½ ozs. bluestone, and 12 ozs. copperas. Return to the first logwood beek, to which 5½ to 7 ozs. of soda ash has been added. If the colour is not full enough, add a little more extract of logwood. Sadden with 2½ to 3½ ozs. copperas.

TESTING FLOUR.—The rise in the price of bread caused by the declaration of war by Russia against Turkey may lead unprincipled men to imitate the adulteration of flour practised in some foreign countries. An easy method of detecting such adulteration, according to Jégel, is to mix the flour with chloroform. The chloroform exerts no chemical action upon the flour; but being specifically heavier than flour and lighter than the earthy adulterants, the former floats upon the chloroform and the adulterant sinks. On shaking up a sample of flour in a test tube of chloroform and allowing it to settle, a sediment will indicate adulteration. On decanting the turbid liquor the sediment may be washed and weighed or tested quantitatively.

THE British Museum has lately bought the large Herbarium Mr. of R. J. Shuttleworth, of Basel.

REMARKABLE SOLAR HALO.

BEFORE describing the phenomenon, it may be well to remark that the word "halo" is often used in a very inaccurate way. It is frequently employed to express the coloured circles which are seen closely surrounding the sun or moon, though more particularly the latter, as the brightness of the former renders them more difficult to perceive. This appearance should be called a corona, not a halo. The halo, properly so termed, is a circle of light (when bright enough always rosy-tinted in the inside) surrounding the sun at a considerable distance, so as to be easily seen under any circumstances without pain to the eye.

Many years ago, perhaps towards half-a-century, the solar halo, as well as the parheliion, which is formed upon it, was a very common occurrence, as I have been informed by a friend who made these objects his study. Subsequently, for some unexplained reason, such appearances became for a long time very rare, but more have been seen for the last few years, and recently there was a fine though transient specimen exhibiting some of the peculiarities which were only occasionally traceable even when the halo itself was almost of daily occurrence. About one o'clock p.m., when the sky was slightly obscured in places by a thin white haze floating apparently at a great height, of the character technically called cirrus, the friend already alluded to observed two portions of a brilliant halo, one above the other, beneath the sun. The curve of each of these was evidently too flat to admit of their being brought round in a perfect circle, and this led him at once to look carefully right and left of the sun, where he found in each case a portion of two circles, but in much fainter light, forming, in fact, a large crescent on either side of the sun, with its concavity towards him.

It was readily seen that the whole phenomenon consisted in fact of two intersecting circles, each of which had its centre not in the sun itself, but a little way right and left of it. Where they intersected above and below the sun, the light would naturally be much brighter than at the sides, though it must be admitted that the brilliancy of those upper and lower parts was considerably greater than could be accounted for by this circumstance alone. These two portions were tinged with a very strong ruddy hue, which was not perceptible where the circles were separate. No further attention was given to it till 1 h. 40., when the white haze had become rather denser and more uniform, and then all complexity of form had disappeared, and all that was left was only an ordinary solar halo, regularly circular, and of equal brightness in every part. Shortly afterwards the haze passed away, and the whole disappeared.

It has been asserted that these curious phenomena are due to very minute icy crystals floating at a great height in the atmosphere, but it seems difficult to understand why they predominate in some seasons more than in others, as it seems natural to suppose that the cause of them would be more regular in its occurrence.

GLORIA;

OR,

MARRIED IN RAGE.

CHAPTER XX.

"GRYPHYNHOLD! Take me to Gryphynhold! That is the most remote of all the manors left me by my father. Take me there, for I wish to go as far as possible from all the people I ever knew before," said Gloria, in reply to David Lindsay's suggestion that he should convey her to some one of her houses as to a place of refuge.

They were still sitting together where we left them, in the private parlour of the hotel, on the afternoon of the day of their marriage.

They were now conversing in a quiet and friendly manner on the subject of their approaching departure, for they had resolved to leave the same evening.

Gloria was much more composed now than she had ever been since the hour of her marriage; for David Lindsay had assured her that he should never presume on the position she had given him, even to enter her presence uninvited.

She had, from her childhood up, always loved and trusted him, and now that he had given her this

promise she implicitly believed him, and dismissed all her disquieting doubts.

David Lindsay, meanwhile, magnanimously repressed all exhibition of the bitter mortification and sorrow he experienced. He knew his little playmate too well to blame her.

He knew her better than any one else in the world—better than she knew herself. The poor little hunted and helpless fawn had flown to him for refuge, and he would succour her in the way she pleased, not in the way he had wished.

She had chosen her place of refuge, and he would take her there.

"Gryphynhold," he slowly repeated, when she had named the selected point of destination. "What a savage and gloomy name, dear. Where is that?"

"The name is not more gloomy and savage than the place, I fear. It is situated in the extreme northern part of Wales. It is said to be the most ancient building in all that region of country; it was erected in a gorge of mountains by an eccentric and misanthropical Welshman named Dyvyd-ap-Gryphyn, said by some annalists to have been an outlaw in his own country. However that might have been, or whether he had any legal right to the land or not, there, in a yawning abyss of the mountain range, he built a rude stronghold of heavy rock and ponderous timber, and called it Gryphynhold, and there he lived, supporting himself by hunting and fishing, like any other savage denizen of the wilderness, and there at length he married a girl of the tribe. From that marriage sprang the race of Gryphyns—a proud, surly, ferocious race of men, the bane of each other, and the terror of their neighbourhood."

"It is to be devoutly hoped that they were not a very numerous tribe," said David Lindsay.

"No. I have heard Auns Agrippina say that there was never more than one child born of any marriage, and that was always a son. Strange, wasn't it, from generation to generation, only one son to succeed his father?"

"Very strange; yet it precluded the possibility of lawsuits among the heirs. But how came this ill-omened property into your father's hands, my dear little lady?" inquired David Lindsay, in a playful tone, assumed to hide the heartache that was torturing him.

"Oh, it was a dreadful, dreadful story. I do not know the details of it. But Mr. Dyvyd Gryphyn, the last descendant of the Welsh outlaw who founded the family, seems to have been a demon in human form, more haughty, surly, cruel and furious than any of his evil predecessors, yet withal as demonically beautiful and fascinating as Lucifer, Son of the Morning."

"After the death of his father, who was killed in a tavern broil, and of his mother, who dropped dead of heart disease on hearing the news—for all these handsome and ferocious demons seemed to have been fondly loved by their unfortunate wives—Dyvyd Gryphyn left Gryphynhold on a tour of Europe. After an absence of three years he returned home, bringing with him a young woman, said to have been fairer than the fairest lily, more blooming than the rosiest rose."

"He loved her with the surly, jealous, cruel love of his nature and the nature of his fathers, which seems to be not so much love as a devouring and consuming fire, the curse and ruin of all upon whom it chanced to fall. And she loved him with that fatality of devotion which was the doom of all the women ever chosen by the ill men of the race. She was content to bury herself with him in that savage solitude, remote from all human kind; yet he did not seclude himself, but rode forth to distant towns and villages and remained away for days and weeks together. Sometimes he would bring a party of men home with him, and they would hunt or fish all day and carouse all night."

"But he never let any of them see his hidden beauty, who lived as isolated in her dreary prison as any enchanted princess in a fairy castle, until one night, in the midst of a midnight orgie when his reckless companions were all mad with drink, and he himself was maddest of all, he sent and summoned her to the feast."

"The poor thing was not a Queen Vashti, so she obeyed the drunken mandate and came down. I do not know what happened there—what she was forced to see and hear and bear—but that she was grieved, shocked and terrified beyond all endurance is certain, for as soon as she could break away and escape from the fiendish crew she fled to the top of the house and hid herself in a state of delirious terror."

Gloria paused and shuddered.

"What became of the poor young woman?" inquired David Lindsay.

"I do not know. No one knows what finally became of her. The party of revellers broke up the next morning and Dyvyd Gryphyn rode with

them to the next town and remained absent for a day, during which the poor little soul at home grew quieter."

Again Gloria paused, and David Lindsay inquired: "And was there a reconciliation between this ill-sorted pair?"

"I do not know. I never even heard whether he saw her again on the morning after the orgie, or whether he took leave of her before setting out on his journey with the revellers. She grew very quiet in his absence."

Once more Gloria sank into silence. Once more the young man prompted her to continue, saying:

"Well, and when this demon of Gryphynhold came back?"

"Oh, David Lindsay, what happened next is so horrible—so horrible that I shrink from speaking of it," she said, with a shudder.

"Then do not, lady dear," he answered, gently.

"Oh, but I must! It is on my mind and it must out! I have heard that he came back in the middle of a January night—a bitter, cold, freezing night. His face, they say, was as black as a thunder cloud, and his eyes flashed like lightning. Without deigning a word to one of the servants who came to attend him, he strode at once to the chamber of his poor young victim and ordered her to get up and dress herself, for she should leave his house that night."

"What an unheard-of monster!" exclaimed David Lindsay.

"Or what a wretched man! for no man in his senses would have acted with such causeless cruelty. In vain the poor creature pleaded to know what she had done to offend him. He only cursed her and threatened to throw her from the window unless she dressed and departed at once. In vain she wept and begged to stay till morning. He told her, with many fierce curses, that by this delay she only trifled with his temper and her own life. Oh, oh, David Lindsay, he thrust that delicate creature forth in the freezing air of that bitter January night to perish on the mountains," exclaimed Gloria, who had forgotten all her own troubles in recalling this horrible story.

"And did she so perish?" mournfully inquired the young man.

"I do not know. Some weeks from that night a party of hunters found the dead body of a woman on the mountain; but the birds of prey had found it first and it was unrecognisable. Oh, it is all too, too hideous. It was supposed to be the body of Dyvyd Gryphyn's victim, and as she was never heard of afterwards it probably was hers."

"And what became of the madman? You were right in calling him a maniac, Gloria; for such he certainly must have been. You said that he was the last owner of Gryphynhold, therefore he must be dead. How did he die?"

"Ah, like nearly all his fierce race. A violent death. On the very day after he had thrust his poor little white slave out into the winter night, he himself fell in a duel with one of the reckless companions of his demoniac orgies of that terrible night when he commanded the hidden beauty to come into their abhorrent presence."

"Killed in a duel at last," muttered David Lindsay to himself.

"Yes, and with him perished the last of the evil race of the Gryphyns of Gryphynhold."

"How came your father to purchase such an ill-omened piece of property?"

"It was advertised to be sold for taxes. Then an heir turned up in a Welsh baronet, who spelled his name in the more modern and civilised manner of G-r-y-f-f-i-n, but who was of the same original Welsh stock, the next of kin, and the heir-at-law, though a very, very, very distant cousin. This gentleman did not want this mountain property, and so, as soon as his claim to it was established, he threw the estate into the market and my father bought it."

"What could have induced Count De la Vera to buy such a place?"

"He was looking around for opportunities to invest his money in lands, being determined to become a citizen. He thought the mountain must be rich in the ore that gave it its name, and rich in other ores as well; and that this would be a source of great wealth to his wife and children in the future, if not immediately to himself; for remember that my mother was living at the time of the purchase."

"After what you have told me, dear, I question whether that would be a desirable residence for any one, least of all for you," said David Lindsay, gravely.

"Oh, yes it would. I particularly wish to go there. Ah, I know not why, but the very savageness of the place attracts me!" exclaimed Gloria.

"Who is in charge of the house? Shall we find it habitable? Will there be accommodations for you?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Gloria, answering

the last question first; "the place should be kept up; my father purchased it just as it was, with stock, carriage and horses, implements, furniture, and everything. He even retained the hired overseer and the housekeeper who had been in the service of the last owner. I know that Uncle Marcel used to receive their accounts and pay their wages twice every year."

"So you have really decided to go to Gryphynshold?"

"I have determined to go there," said Gloria, firmly.

"Then I must get a map and trace out our course as well as I can, and afterwards inquire about the trains."

"I can tell you that; for once during our summer holiday trips, Marcel and I, being in this city, planned to go and take a look at my mountain stronghold, as he called it. So we left London by the six o'clock train for Gloucestershire; but there we found the place so attractive that we went no farther. So I know that we must commence our journey by the train that leaves here at six o'clock in the evening. What time is it now? Let me see," she said, as she consulted her diamond-studded gold watch. "It is half-past one. Now, please ring and order a cab. I must go out and buy a trunk, a work-box, a writing-desk, a dressing-case, clothes, needles and thread, stationery, combs and brushes, and all such necessities of a girl's life, before going into that remote mountain wilderness. And at the same time we can stop at the station and book our places."

The young man answered by ringing the bell, and when the waiter appeared he gave the requisite order.

Gloria went in her chamber to put on her cloak and hat.

The cab was soon announced, and in five minutes afterwards the young pair were rolling along, Gloria looking out from the window to watch for the signs of the shops she wished to visit.

Presently she stopped the cab before the door of a general dealer and outfitter in ladies' ready-made garments.

David Lindsay left her there and went to get their tickets.

It took Gloria three full hours to drive from place to place and collect all she wanted. She had the trunk put on behind the cab and the goods all piled within it, to save time by taking them to the hotel herself. Finally she reached her rooms at about five o'clock and spent half an hour in diligent packing.

David Lindsay then came to take her down to dinner, which they had scarcely finished before a cab called to claim them.

Our young pair did not keep the cab waiting. They soon had their luggage brought down, and soon after found themselves comfortably seated.

It was dark when the train started on its long and wearisome journey.

There was neither moon nor stars out, for the sky was quite overclouded, so that there was no temptation for the passengers to gaze abroad.

On the arrival of the train at Gloucester cur travellers proceeded by stage-coach, and so soon as their luggage was stowed away in the boot the coach started.

Gloria curled herself up in her corner, and tried to go to sleep, for she was in no way interested in the conversation concerning the dulness of trade and the unpunctuality of debtors which the country merchants had forced upon her companion.

Rocked, or fatigued, by the rolling of the cumbersome old coach, Gloria was soon fast asleep, and she slept through the whole night undisturbed except by the stoppages at the post-houses to change horses.

At sunrise they reached a Welsh village, where they stopped to breakfast and to change coaches.

After an excellent tea, for which their wintry day's journey had given them a keen appetite, the young travellers pursued their journey.

And this second night poor, disappointed David Lindsay slept as soundly in his seat as did the wilful beauty, Gloria, in hers.

Not even the stoppages of the coach to change horses, and the flashing lights of the roadside post-houses, or the getting off of old passengers and climbing in of new ones, succeeded in arousing them, for if disturbed they would draw a long breath, slightly change position, and drop asleep again.

They never opened their eyes until the stage-coach stopped at Llandudno, when the tumultuous getting out of their fellow-passengers at once fully awakened them.

Then they saw that the sun was at least an hour high, and that the horses were being taken from the coach before a spacious hotel in the principal street of a country town.

"What place is this?" drowsily inquired David Lindsay.

"Llandudno, sir, where we change horses and get breakfast," answered the guard.

David handed his sleepy companion from the inside of the heavy old vehicle, and led her into a pleasant parlour where their fellow-travellers were already gathered around a large, open fireplace in which a glorious wood fire was blazing. The party there made room for the young lady.

But she did not stay with them long. A neat girl came up to her and respectfully whispered the question as to whether she would not like to go to her room before breakfast.

Decidedly Gloria would like to do that very thing. So she arose and followed the girl, who lifted and carried the young lady's travelling-bag to a spacious chamber over the parlour, with white dimity window-curtains and bed-spread, and a fine fire blazing up the open chimney-place.

The girl supplied the young traveller with warm and cold water, fresh towels, and every other requisite for the toilet—informing her, meantime, that she had half-an-hour before breakfast.

Gloria was glad. She sent for her trunk to be brought up, and had a thoroughly refreshing toilet, with a full change of dress.

Then, as fresh as if she had risen from a comfortable bed, instead of coming out of a lumbering stage-coach, she went down and joined her fellow-travellers at a delicious breakfast of coffee, hot rolls, buckwheat, cakes, venison, quails, ham, and every dainty of the season.

After the breakfast half their fellow-passengers entered with them into the coach. The other half had diverged in various directions.

Towards evening the valley narrowed and the mountains rose until the road seemed to be approaching a gorge.

While there was yet light enough David Lindsay drew a pocket-map from his breast and began to examine it.

"If your journey takes us through that yawning chasm I think we had better stop for the night at the first tavern we come to," suggested the young man, thinking more of the safety of his companion than of his own.

"No, where the coach can go we can go, night or day," persisted Gloria.

It was dusk when they reached the gap they had seen so far before them. There was a great stone building on a river that broke through the mountains at this point.

The water reflected the high precipices and the buildings with their gleaming lights. The place was a combination of tavern, beer-house, mill and ferry.

Here their stage journey ended. They left the coach, had their baggage taken, and entered the ferry-house.

The coach, after changing horses, went on its way. Gloria and David Lindsay found themselves in a homely parlour, with bare walls and bare floor, a few flag-bottomed chairs and a pine table.

The only ornaments were a defaced looking-glass between the windows and a framed picture of old-fashioned sampler-work representing a willow-tree over a tombstone, hung above the mantelpiece.

It was, however, heated by a roaring fire of great logs, for wood was very plentiful in that mountain region, and it was lighted by two tall tallow-dips in iron candlesticks.

David Lindsay drew forward a chair and placed it before the fire for his weary companion, and then went out to find the landlord, ferry-man, or some other responsible party.

After an absence of a few moments he came back, and said:

"Now, dear, I have two plans to propose to you. Choose between them. Mr. Cummings, the landlord here, has no conveyance except a heavy waggon drawn by mules, which he says is the safest sort for these mountain roads, and in which he is willing to send us on to Gryphynshold either to-night or to-morrow morning. The accommodation here is very rude and plain, as you see. You may judge what the upper rooms are by this, which I suppose is the best. Now it is for you to decide whether to go on to-night or stay here and rest till morning, and take the daylight for your journey to Gryphynshold."

"Oh, let us go on at once. Where the mules can take the waggon surely we can go," promptly replied Gloria.

David Lindsay went out and gave the order. His exit was followed by the entrance of a girl, who respectfully invited the young lady to go up into a bedroom where she could lay off her wraps and refresh herself while the supper and the waggon were getting ready.

Gloria willingly followed her, and took the benefit of all her offered services.

Then, feeling much better, she slipped a piece of money in the poor girl's hand and went downstairs, where an excellent supper awaited them.

Whatever the mental troubles of the young pair might be, the long journey over the snow-clad and frozen roads, and through the pure, exhilarating air of mid-winter, had given them fine, healthy appetites and they both did full justice to the coffee, Welsh-bread and venison steaks that were set before them.

Immediately after supper they entered the heavy waggon, into which their luggage had already been placed, and settled themselves to continue their journey to Gryphynshold.

"Mind, Tubal," called the landlord to his driver, "you take the lower road. It is the longest, but it is the safest."

"Yes, sir," responded the driver. "And when you get to the Devil's Backbreaker be sure to jump off and lead the mules all the way up, or there'll be an accident. Do you mind?"

"Yes, sir." "And when you come to Sinking Creek be certain to look out for the water-post, to see if it is low enough to ford."

"Yes, sir." "And when you get up to Peril Ledge get off and lead the beasts again; and mind you be very careful. I don't want another broken neck brought back for a crowner's quest."

"No, sir."

"Now, then, start, and mind what I tell you." "Yes, sir," said Tubal, and as he slowly set his mules in motion he muttered to himself: "Taint of the dangers of going there to old Grippinwolf—umph! no! I don't mind going there, but as to staying there all night to rest the mules—no, sir—not for Tubal!"

"What are you talking about, old man?" inquired David Lindsay.

But by this time they had reached the edge of the river, and Tubal's whole attention was engaged in driving his mules on to the great, flat ferry-boat, upon which stood four men with very long poles to push it over.

Nothing more was said until after they had reached the other side and Tubal had driven the waggon off the boat on to a road running between the foot of the precipice and the river.

"What is the matter with old Gryphynshold that you would not stay all night in the place?" again questioned David Lindsay, whose interest in the ancient house had been deeply excited by the story of the last owner.

"What's the matter long o' Grippinwolf, you ax? Now, look here, young master, I dunno who yer is, nor what yer arter comin' up here to Grippinwolf, where no decent Christian hasn't been wisitin' in the memory o' man! But you jes take my advice an' turn right square round an' go right straight back whar yer come from. Don't keep on to Grippinwolf," said the old man, solemnly.

"Why shouldn't we go on? What is the matter with Gryphynshold, I ask you again?" inquired David.

"The Evil One's the matter wid it, young master. jes the Evil One. Not as I'd mind that so much, if it war only him 'cause we read so much about him in the catechism that he feels like a old acquaintance o' ourn—natural like—only we don't want to fall in his hands. No, I don't mind him so much; but there's a heap worse than him as ails old Grippinwolf."

"What is it, then?" inquired David, interested, in spite of his better reason.

The old man paused, as if to give full effect to his words, and then solemnly replied:

"Dead people!"

"Dead people!" echoed David Lindsay, in amazement.

"Oh, oh!" groaned the old man.

"How can the dead trouble the place?" inquired the young man.

"Oh, oh!" groaned the old man.

"What do they do? They lie quietly in their graves, do they not?"

"Oh, oh! Hush, honey! I wish they did!"

"What do they do, then?"

Again the old man paused to give full effect to his words, as he mysteriously replied:

"Dey walks!"

"Walk!"

"Yes, honey, the dead people walks in Grippinwolf—walks so continual that they won't let anybody else live there."

"Why, Mrs. Brent, the housekeeper, lives there!" exclaimed Gloria, putting in her voice for the first time.

"What say, honey?" inquired the old man.

"I say the housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, lives there."

"Who? Her?" exclaimed Tubal, in such a tone of scornful denial that Gloria hastened to add:

"She does live there, does she not?"



[TALKING THE LONGER.]

"Old mist'ess live in Grippinwolf? Oh, oh! Yer better jes ax her to live there, that's all!"

"Then the housekeeper does not live in the house, if I understand you aright?" said Gloria, in unpleasant surprise.

"Hi, what I tell you, honey? Nobody can't live there 'mong dead people!"

"What nonsense you talk, old man. Some one must live there to take care of the house."

"Well, then, they don't, young mist'ess, an' I tell yer so good! De ghosts has 'jected everybody out o' that house, and they has had it all to themselves this twenty years or more."

"Then my guardian has been completely deceived! He has been paying a salary to a housekeeper who has abandoned her duties. And if the house is deserted, as he says, what shall we do, David Lindsay?" inquired Gloria, in a tone of indignant distress and perplexity.

"Turn right roun' an' go straight back whar yer come from! You do that while times is good. That's the 'wice what I gibbed yer fus, an' that's the 'wice what I gib yer last," said Tubal, answering for his passenger.

"Is there no one on the place to receive us, then?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Oh, there's the overseer, in his own house, 'bout quarter of a mile this side of Grippinwolf Hall; but Lor', the people 'bout here don't call the place Grippinwolf no more—they calls it Ghost Hall."

"Where does the housekeeper live?" inquired David Lindsay.

"Oh, she—she lives at the gate lodge. She moved there when she was dejected by the ghosts."

"Now, Gloria, we have not ridden more than two miles from the ferry. What would you like to do? Turn back, as the old man advises, and stop at the ferry for the up train and take our places for the South, and for some other home of yours more convenient and attractive, or go on to this?" earnestly inquired David Lindsay.

"Oh, go on to Gryphynshold, by all means. Since I have heard the supernatural tales told by this old man, which supplement the horrible stories told me by Aunt Agrippina, I am more than ever determined to go on to Gryphynshold. The overseer can certainly give you a bed in his cottage for to-night, while I shall stay at the gate lodge with the housekeeper—"

"And as for me," put in the old man, "soon's eve. I gits to that same gate-house, which won't be

'fore midnight, I gwine to lop you all right down there an' turn right round and drive my mules straight home ag'in. All the money in this univarse wouldn't hiro old Uncle Tubal to take up his lodgings 'long o' dead people! Leastways, not till I's dead myself!"

"You can do as you please," said David; "but tell us what gave rise to these ridiculous stories?"

"What rised 'em? Why, the ghosts rised em! the ghost o' that old Satan's demon son, Dyvyd Grippinwolf, who murdered the booful young woman as he stole away from her friends an' fotch to his own evil den up yonder. His unquiet ghost rages up and down all night, rushin' through the halls and up the stairs, a slammin' and a bangin' o' the doors like a ravin' mad bull. And no bolts or bars ever strong enough to keep him out. That's the one what terrifies people clean out'n their senses, young marster, I tell yer good."

"Is old Dyvyd Gryphyn's ghost the only hobgoblin that haunts the hold?" inquired David Lindsay, with a smile.

"Lor', no! Why, there's crowds of em' sometimes. All the wicked, violent, furious old Gryphyns as ever lived there—which none of 'em ever died in their beds, yer know!—all of 'em died violent deaths—hold high jubilee-la! there every night 'long o' all the imps out'n the pit! Hush, honey! That old house up there is the very mouf of the black pit of Satan! An' ef anybody was to 'xamire, I reckon they'd find the deep, dry well in the cellar was nuffin less than a way down into that same black pit of Satan; and all imps do come up an' down it to hold high jubilee-la! along with all the wicked, furious old ghosts of the Gryphyns!"

"Has anyone ever seen any of these dreadful orgies?" inquired David Lindsay, with an incredulous laugh.

"You may laugh, young marster," said the old man, in an offended tone; "but ef yer persists in goin' and stayin' at that old Evil One's den, you'll laugh on t'other side of your mouth, I tell yer good."

"Has anyone ever seen any of these horrible spectacles?" reiterated David Lindsay.

"Hi! What I tell yer? Didn't Mr. Overseer Cummings and Mrs. Housekeeper Brent both see an' hear 'em? An' didn't the ghosts deject 'em out'n the house? An' I, my own self, with my own eyes, a-comin' from the mill one night, passed in sight o' that old house. The night was dark as pitch! There was neither moon nor stars, an' I couldn't have seed

nuffin only for my eyes gettin' used to the dark, y r know. An' I did look up to the old ghost house, standin' way up there on the mountain, straight an' black against the dark sky, an' I couldn't see no windows fust, but all of a sudden I saw all the windows in the front of the black looking house!"

With this culmination of horror old Tubal made an awful pause; but as no one made the expected exclamation of astonishment the old man inquired:

"Now, how does yer think I saw all the win ows in that dark, deserted house on that dark night?"

"Heaven knows!" said David Lindsay.

"Want me to tell you?"

"Yes."

"By the light of the ghosts' eyes!"

"What?"

"By the light o' the ghosts' eyes, sure as I'm a sinner! There was a ghost at every window, an' at some windows there was two or three, both men an' women ghosts. An' every one o' their eyes was a shinin' like an inward fire an' lightin' up all the windows!"

Again the narrator made an awful pause.

Gloria was evidently impressed by his story. Not so David Lindsay, who quietly asked:

"Had you taken anything to drink that evening, old man?"

"Who? Me? Don't sult me, young marster; I'm a Son of Tempunce, an' a brother in the Bethelum Methody Meetin'!" said the old man, in dignified resentment.

"I beg your pardon, I really do," replied David Lindsay, with frank courtesy.

"I did give yer the best 'wice in my power, not to go nigh that Evil One's den! But course you'll do as yer likes. No offence, young marster."

"Why, you see this lady is fully determined to go on there," David Lindsay explained.

"Yes, I am," added Gloria. "All that I hear of that old house only serves to confirm my resolution to go on and see it. We can find accommodation with the overseer or the housekeeper for this one night, David Lindsay, and then to-morrow we will have the old stronghold of ghosts, goblins and devils thrown wide open to the light of Heaven, and see if we cannot exorcise them. We will make a thorough investigation, David Lindsay; for I have quite resolved to take up my abode, for the present at least, in that goblin-haunted house, and I feel that in doing so I am right."

(To be Continued.)



[IN THE BASTILLE.]

FALSE AS FAIR.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVE YE ALL HOPE BEHIND WHO ENTER HERE.

"LEAVE ye all hope behind who enter here," were the words Dante saw inscribed over the place of torment.

They would have been equally appropriate to the portals of that monument of French governmental despotism, the Bastille, the living grave of many an innocent man.

To this horrible prison-fortress the unhappy Felix Lorraine had been consigned.

No trial, no sentence had preceded his imprisonment.

The king's order was followed by arrest, and he found himself one morning the inmate of a loathsome cell.

Would he ever see the light of day again? He hardly hoped for it, for Claudine's treason had robbed life of every attraction.

Lorraine dragged out fifteen weary years in the Bastille.

One morning, as he was seated on his bed, plunged in his usual gloomy reverie, Dumaine, one of the prison officials, entered.

Such scraps of news as this man chose to give was all the intelligence which the prisoner had of what was passing in the outer world.

"The news concerns myself," said the good fellow. "I have been promoted. I am no longer turnkey. Another man takes my place this evening. I'm sorry because I sha'n't see you so often, and I have become warmly attached to you."

"It is only to you, Dumaine," said the prisoner, "that I am anything else but No. 17. You alone know my name, my face, my heart, and all I have endured under these dark arches. Why did I not die upon the scaffold? It would have been more merciful."

"That's not a Christian sentiment, Master Felix. Why don't you solicit pardon like your neighbour No. 18, the man who looks enough like you to have been your twin-brother—once an officer in the army of the King of Sardinia?"

"Captain Lagarde," replied Lorraine, "there

was some chance for him. His case was only a duel—mine—"

"It's worth trying for," said Dumaine.

"My good fellow," said Felix, "I know you are devoted to me."

"And why not? I owe you more than life. You saved my little boy, Joseph."

"Anyone else would have done the same," said Felix, carelessly.

"I know," said the gaoler, "you had some knowledge of medicine. One night I roused you up to tell you my darling was dying. You found the poor child pale and exhausted. You sat and watched beside the crib day and night, and He blessed your efforts and saved him. To-morrow is his birthday. Shall I bring him to see you?"

This simple question embarrassed Felix, but he managed to stammer out:

"Yes, yes, bring him to me."

"It's agreed then," said Dumaine. "Good-day, Master Felix. Other gentlemen are waiting for me. Try to forget your troubles."

"Forget!" repeated Felix, bitterly, when he was alone. "I would not forget it if I could. Ah! Mademoiselle Claudine De Saverne, because I had given you my heart and soul; because I killed a man for insulting you, you destroyed me by those fatal words, 'He is Count Beaufort's murderer.' You are tranquil now—your tiger-heart at peace. You are saying to yourself, 'My husband cannot speak—his voice and life will die together under the black arches of the Bastille.' But patience! You are nearer seeing your ruined husband than you fancy."

Going to his bed, he pulled a rope-ladder from under his mattress and stood looking at it.

"This ladder," he muttered, "How much toil, how many sleepless nights it has cost me! But I do not regret them, for now I can pay this woman for the long agonies she has made me suffer. My precautions are well taken. One more touch of the file to this bar of my window and this very night, when the dungeon clock strikes two—"

He was climbing on a bench to look out of the window when he suddenly stopped.

"What noise is this I hear?" he said. "It must be the workmen repairing one of the neighbouring cells."

He had begun to work on one of the window-bars with his file when there came a dull crash—two or three large stones of the wall sank inward, and

through the aperture a man made his appearance, moving slowly and painfully like one whose limbs were cramped by long disuse.

"Who are you?" cried Felix, regarding the stranger with stupefaction.

"A prisoner like yourself," was the reply. "I thought I should come out on a gallery."

"You were deceived in your calculations," answered Felix. "Poor man! I pity you from the bottom of my heart, for I, too, have been planning an escape," and he pointed to his precious rope-ladder. "Were I to fail I think despair would overwhelm me."

"A rope-ladder," cried the other prisoner, as his eyes lighted up. "It may serve to save us both."

"Both?" repeated Felix. "Impossible. Listen to me. During the fifteen years I have been an inmate of this dungeon I have studied all the chances of escape and I have discovered this: Every night at the stroke of nine a patrol passes at the foot of this tower. Then the sentry, on the summons of the captain, goes to receive them at the angle opposite the platform, a position where he loses sight of my window."

"What then?" asked the prisoner.

"Five minutes talk follows—exactly five minutes—do you mark me? And in the space of these five minutes I must make my escape. That gives me just time enough to slide down to the ground."

"And once there?" asked the prisoner.

"My ladder afterwards takes me to a dark tower opposite a room occupied by an old turnkey. If he is alone I shall soon be outside the prison. If there are any soldiers I shall wait till they are gone. My plan is certain."

"But I don't see why both of us—" said the prisoner.

"Remember what I told you," replied Felix, rather impatiently. "At the end of the five minutes it takes to descend the sentinel is opposite my window, and every new attempt becomes impossible."

"Tis true," replied the prisoner, sadly, "and nothing is left me but to die."

"I understand you, poor martyr," said Felix, grasping his hand, "my brother in suffering and in despair. Liberty is so glorious."

"Were it only that," replied the stranger, "but never to see my mother's face again."

"Your mother?" cried Felix.

"Prison life is very cruel," said the stranger.

"And yet I was almost happy in my cell, for every day, at the same hour, through the bars of my window I saw a woman yonder on the square. This woman was my mother, sir—the only being I had to love on earth. There was never any agreement between us, but we talked by signs which our hearts understood, for hours together. By degrees I have seen her steps grow feebler, her cheek paler. Three days ago she signified that she was ill—perhaps would not return for several days. She has not returned, and I feel, sir, she is dead or dying. Is it not dreadful to know that your mother is dying, and you cannot save her or receive her last kiss?"

"This is heartrending," said Felix to himself. "I would surrender life for one hour of freedom," said the stranger, with a groan. "Farewell, sir," he added, taking Lorraine's hand. "I go back to my cell where I hope I shall not have long to live."

"Stay," cried Felix, after a long pause. "A thought inspired by Heaven has just dawned upon my mind. Here are two men desiring liberty; one to glut a vengeance, the other to console his mother; one to surrender himself to an evil passion, the other to perform the holiest of duties. The first of these two men, sir, is myself; the second you. You see clearly that He has decided which of us shall leave this place."

"I do not understand you," said the stranger, wildly.

"I will make my meaning clear," replied Lorraine, firmly. "Take the ladder and go to your sick mother."

The stranger covered Lorraine's hand with kisses and tears. His heart was too full for utterance.

"Hark!" said Felix, "it is striking nine. But first, let us cancel the evidences of your flight." The two men soon replaced the heavy stones in their places in the wall.

"You have not a moment to lose," said Felix. "I hear the clashing muskets of the patrol."

He rushed to the window and took an observation.

"Now!" he cried, removing the bar he had already filed through, and fastening the end of the ladder firmly. "Come! quick!"

"Farewell, my brother, my saviour!" exclaimed the stranger. "Captain Lagarde is yours, body and soul."

With these words he disappeared.

As Felix withdrew from the window the door of the dungeon was opened by the new turnkey, who came in with a basket on his arm. This new official was no other than Thomas, formerly gardener at the Chateau de Saverne, just as red-nosed and thick-tongued as he was fifteen years before.

"Turnkey in the Bastille!" he muttered to himself. "I like the idea. I'm likely to keep the place, and I've had seventy-three places since I left the marquis's service."

By this time the turnkey and the painter had recognised each other.

"I remember you perfectly well, sir," said Thomas; "and that unlucky affair which I suppose sent you here. Your name is not forgotten in Saverne. Mothers use it to frighten naughty children with. They don't call you Lieutenant Felix Lorraine, though; but Felix, the assassin."

"The assassin!" thundered Felix, so fiercely that Thomas jumped back in alarm.

"'Twasn't I that called you so," he stammered, "but other folks."

"Felix, the assassin!" said the unhappy man. "My father's name became the symbol of dread and shame! Henceforth, what would liberty avail me? Yes—he was the one to go. I, to remain, and die here."

"Poor man," mused Thomas. "I've hurt his feelings. He doesn't look a regular bad one. Come, come, Master Felix, try to forget your trouble. I'm authorised to sell drinks to the prisoners; take a drop of claret."

He filled two glasses as he spoke.

"Since you are not afraid to drink with Felix, the assassin," said Lorraine, "here's your health, my good fellow. What is the news from Saverne? It is so long since I heard."

"The marquis is dead," said the turnkey.

"And his daughter?"

"Mademoiselle Claudine? She went into the convent of St. Clare, where I was gardener for six weeks. The great lords of the court, his majesty himself, were sometimes visitors. One of them, the Count De la Tour, offered himself to Mademoiselle De Saverne."

"And she?"

"Refused him. But there are strange stories afloat about her—hints of a secret marriage, and a child—and I know something about that. But here's your supper," the turnkey added; "I'm off."

During the brief interval he had been drinking continually, and was disposed to be garrulous and communicative.

"A child!" cried Felix.

"Yes; a little girl."

"Why did the tigress conceal that I was a father?" thought Felix. "What became of the child?" he added, aloud.

"As to that, nobody knows," replied the turnkey. "How so?"

"It was something I had to tell Madame Blanchard in confidence. I may as well tell you, because you can't get out of here and circulate it."

"Speak! speak!" cried Felix, impatiently.

"Master Felix," said the turnkey, with drunken gravity, "everybody is susceptible of being thirsty—there's nothing dishonourable in that, I hope. Here he helped himself to a glass of brandy. "And this is how it happened. Madame Blanchard entrusted me with a child to be taken to nurse two leagues from Saverne. I was taking it away in a cart when, at the end of an hour, when I was near Father Pecot's wine-shop, a place well known to me, I became wonderfully thirsty. The child was asleep, so I got out of the vehicle and went in to take a drop. One glass leads to another, you know, and somehow I got talking to Pecot of the little bundle I had in my cart."

"Cut your story short!" cried Felix, with fierce impatience.

"In the corner of the room," continued Thomas, "there were two men wrapped in cloaks, but they slipped out. When I was paying my scot, I heard a noise—it was my cart driving away; I ran after it and caught my horse. The two men jumped out of the carriage and knocked me down. I heard one say, 'Look sharp, Durand.' When I recovered my senses they were gone, and the child, too."

"Stolen?" asked Lorraine.

"Yes. When I told Madame Blanchard she said I was a blockhead, but that she had told the mother the child was dead. The fact is, she was only lost."

"Only lost? How dreadful!" cried Felix. "And no clue to her?"

"Nothing, except that one of the abductors was named Durand. And now I think of it, there was a Durand who was a great friend of one of my masters, Baron Daumont."

"Tell me," said Felix, eagerly, "has this Baron Daumont a child?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Thomas; "a little girl—a household treasure, for without her the baron would be as poor as a church-mouse."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes; she's an angel. People can't keep their eyes off her; even the king noticed her, for she's a young lady now."

"Noticed by the king, and in the hands of such a man," was the prisoner's thought. "Thanks, Thomas, for your information."

"Welcome," replied the gaoler; and now I must take your neighbour, No. 18, his supper."

"He will perceive his absence," thought Felix.

"Good-bye, Master Felix," said the gaoler; "I mean to say good-bye, No. 17."

"Ah!" cried Felix to himself, "better risk my life a thousand times than to leave my daughter—for this stolen child must be my daughter—in the hands of Baron Daumont. The ladder is still here, if I slide down rapidly."

As he was going towards the window a heavy explosion was heard, and he staggered back.

Dumaine rushed into the cell, looking wild and haggard.

"What! You here?" he cried, as he glanced at the prisoner. "Yet they said No. 17 had just been shot dead. Yet this broken bar; what does it all mean?"

"I had arranged everything for flight," said Felix, "but my unfortunate companion—"

"I see, said Dumaine, looking through the window, "Captain Lagarde."

"That was his name," said Felix.

"Unhappy man!" said Dumaine. "Killed on the very threshold of freedom; for here is the order for his liberation."

"So," said Felix, bitterly, "my devotion was useless, and I am driven to die in this miserable cell."

"Stay!" cried Dumaine, "I owe you a sacred debt. The time has come to cancel it. Take this order of release and go."

"What do you mean?" cried Felix, trembling with excitement.

"I mean," said Dumaine, "that Felix Lorraine, or No. 17, is dead, and will soon be buried in the prison-yard, while Captain Lawrence Lagarde will leave the Bastille a free man once more."

"I understand you!" cried Felix, joyfully. "Poor

captain! I sacrificed my hopes of liberty that he might embrace his mother. Heaven reward me by restoring my daughter."

"Hide yourself," said Dumaine, anxiously, "someone is coming."

Felix had just time to conceal himself behind the door when Thomas entered.

"This is number 17," he muttered, in a maudlin way. "But where is Monsieur Felix Lorraine?"

"Felix Lorraine is dead," said Dumaine.

"Impossible!" cried Thomas, "for I just drank a glass of wine with him here."

"Look down below, then, you thick-headed idiot!" cried Dumaine, pushing him towards the window.

Thomas staggered to the window, and while he was examining the broken bars Dumaine led out Felix, and whispered:

"Farewell, sir; I have paid you for the life of my child."

"Would to Heaven I could recover mine!" answered Felix.

In five minutes more he stood in the open street free, with a strange feeling, for he had cast off his former self, and re-entered the world as Captain Lawrence Lagarde.

His first care was to seek out the mother of his unfortunate fellow-prisoner, and tell her the melancholy news of her son's fate.

At first her grief was inconsolable, but time brought resignation, and, impelled by gratitude, she consented to regard Felix as her son, and to permit him to bear the name of Lagarde unchallenged.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNTESS DE LA TOUR.

OUR scene now changes from a gloomy cell in the castle to a splendid saloon in the princely city residence of Baron Daumont. The room was bright as day from the splendour of a hundred glittering wax-lights set in gilt or crystal chandeliers.

But one man trod the velvet carpet—a keen eyed man, with a sharp eye and foxy look—no other than Durand. He was communing with himself as he paced to and fro.

"How true it is a benefit is never lost! The day when I rescued little Marguerite from the hands of a drunkard I was far from suspecting that, after having been the means of procuring him one fortune, which was willing to him on condition of his having a child, she would have it in her power to make him a millionaire, and—ah! I have in hand enough to hang my excellent master. However, I won't be too exacting. Let me see;" counting on his fingers the rogue went on: "A town house and a country house; that will do. I must have a first-rate cook."

"What are you doing here?" asked Baron Daumont, suddenly walking into the saloon.

"I was thinking," replied Durand, coolly, "how I should invest the funds you must give me when you have re-established your fortune."

"So, so," said Daumont, "Master Durand expects a royal present?"

"Expects!" replied Durand. "I am certain that Baron Daumont will refuse me nothing the day I bring him a certain something I have deposited in a secure place, of which I could make a fatal use in case of a certain nobleman's ingratitude."

"Yes, I understand," said the baron. "You allude to Dr. Hermann's letter."

"Exactly," answered Durand. "But up to that time I remain your faithful steward and humble servant."

"Well, about that domino?" inquired the baron, abruptly.

"I have ordered it," answered Durand, touching a bell, which was answered by a lackey. "Here it is—a blue domino, trimmed with scarlet, as you directed."

"Put it with a velvet mask," said the baron, "in the cabinet which opens on the secret staircase."

"Don't be uneasy," said Durand. "I have taken every precaution so that the king can come in without being perceived."

"You know the time fixed is midnight?" said the baron.

"I know," said Durand, "and that you expect your daughter will fascinate the king."

"I should be surer if I had to contend with any other woman but the Countess De la Tour."

"Is she so very formidable?" asked Durand. "Nobody ever heard of her a month ago."

"Think a moment," said the baron. "Don't you remember that Mademoiselle De Saverne, who, in her father's park, identified and caused to be arrested the assassin of Count De Beaufort?"

"I remember that event very well," said Durand; "the assassin, Felix Lorraine, was sent to the Bastille, shot by the guard in attempting to escape, and buried in the prison-yard."

"Very well," said the baron. "Soon after his arrest the marquis's daughter entered the convent of St. Clare, where she led an austere life. Every one thought she would take the veil and die a nun, but suddenly, a month ago, the rumour ran that our reclus had given up the convent. The next morning she was married, and two days afterwards madame, the Countess De la Tour, was presented at court with unusual solemnity."

"The marquis's daughter, eh?"

"From that moment," continued the baron, "her conduct plainly revealed her ambitious projects, and explained her sudden marriage to the world."

"To the world—yes," said Durand. "But how about her husband?"

"Oh," said the baron, "the Count De la Tour is the most feather-brained and careless of mortals. He takes nothing seriously but pleasure, and attaches no importance to anything but trifles. Eight days after the ceremony he accepted the embassy to Vienna, and he won't come back in a hurry."

"Well," said Durand, "the visit of the king this evening shows you have nothing to fear from her. But can you rely on Mademoiselle Marguerite's obedience?"

"Hush!" cried the baron. "Here she comes."

Radiant as a dream of fairy land, pure as a virgin lily, Marguerite, in a diaphanous white ball-dress, wearing only a few flowers as ornaments, floated, rather than walked, into the splendid saloon.

"You are charming, cried the baron.

"No guests yet?" said the young lady, looking anxiously round her.

"It is only ten o'clock," said the baron. "Ah, Marguerite, I have a word to say. Poreed to do the honours of my ball, I can't see to you, but as it would be improper for you to be left alone a gentleman of my acquaintance, in whom I have entire confidence, will be your attendant and escort."

"His name, sir?"

"You do not know him, and, moreover, he will be masked; but you will recognise him by his costume—a blue domino trimmed with scarlet. But I do not see you wearing the neckluse his majesty condescended to give you."

"Are you very anxious I shall wear it?" asked Marguerite.

"Yes," replied the baron. "And now I must leave you, I have so many preparations to superintend." With these words he left the saloon.

"No Gaston De Belleville yet," said Marguerite to herself, with an air of disappointment. "For some days he has not seemed the same. No, no; I am needlessly alarmed; but then his love is my sole happiness in the world—it is life itself."

Her face suddenly brightened as a young, handsome cavalier approached, with such a salute as might have done homage to a queen.

"Thanks, Gaston," said Marguerite—"thanks for coming before everybody else, for I have something very, very serious to say to you."

"And I, too, have grave reasons for coming," said the young man.

"Gaston," said the young girl, earnestly, "I require all your attention and all your indulgence. When I was in the convent, what I wished above all things was—not to leave my solitude—not to see that world that all young girls dream about; I had but one thought, one desire—to devote myself to him who had occupied my heart since infancy—my father. I was told that important affairs detained him abroad. Finally, six months ago, his return to France was announced. He came for me. I left the convent, and next day was installed in this princely mansion."

"Your hopes were realised."

"I thought so for a moment; but those moments of expansion, that interchange of confidence, those familiar talks I had so often dreamed of, never came. On the contrary, on both sides there has been constraint. If the baron were not my father I should almost think I dreaded, even hated him. I shudder at the atmosphere of this house; I fear I know not what; I am unhappy and terrified."

"Calm yourself, dear Marguerite," said Gaston.

"But I sent for you," she said; "you can save me. If you only knew how I long to leave this house."

"How?" inquired the young man, anxiously.

"You have loved me for a long time, as you say. Twenty times have you offered me your name. Twenty times have you implored me to speak a word I have hidden in my heart. Now I speak it out with pride and pleasure. Gaston, I love you."

"Marguerite!" cried Gaston, in a voice of rapture.

"One word more," said the agitated girl. "My

father will soon be here; I will leave you alone with him. Adieu!" and she glided away.

"What shall I do?" said the young man to himself. "How can I confess the motive which brings me here? How can I repay her innocent confidence and love by saying: 'Marguerite, the man on whom you rely is a wretch who loves a woman whom he has no right to love, who has no right to love him.' No, I can never make that confession."

As he was about leaving the saloon three gentlemen, the Duke d'Epemon, Captain Charmont, and Count Soubise, entered.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" asked Gaston, for he perceived they were excited.

"The most incredible event," said Count Soubise. "An attempted abduction close by here in the street. The court came near losing its most brilliant star—the lovely Countess De la Tour."

"Great Heaven!" murmured Gaston.

"She was alighting from her carriage at the door of this house," said the duke, "when a man disguised as a pilgrim approached her, seized her in his arms, and would have carried her to a post-chaise hidden at the angle of a neighbouring street, had not a champion, soon followed by five or six others, wounded the pilgrim in the shoulder with his sword, and compelled him to loose his hold of the lady."

"And this her defender?" asked Gaston, anxiously.

"Not an admirer," replied the duke; "but Bertini, her confidential servant."

"He is devoted to her, then?" asked Soubise.

"An Italian's devotion to the death—even to crime."

"Hush!" said Captain Charmont. "Here comes the lady."

The Countess De la Tour, with Bertini, her devoted Italian, and a number of ladies and gentlemen, all in full dress, swept into the splendid saloon. Time had dealt gently with Claudine, maturing and improving, but not marring her fatal beauty.

"Gentlemen," she said, with a stately salutation, "receive my thanks, a large share of which are due to you, Bertini."

The Italian bowed low.

"Ah, madame," said Gaston, "I regret I was not there to defend you."

"Yes, I know the ardour of your devotion, Monsieur De Belleville," said the countess.

She seemed to dismiss the other by a significant turn of the head, and remained alone in the saloon with Bertini.

The Italian approached her, and she said to him in a low tone:

"This attack was designed by D'Argenson, the prime minister, who has sworn to ruin me, but he shall bitterly repent it."

"Take care," replied Bertini, in a low tone. "He is a dangerous man."

"I know it," said the countess, pensively. "There was poor Chateauroux, his enemy also—the king's love even could not save her. She died in the midst of her triumph of poison."

"Of poison!" echoed Bertini. "Well, madame, this weapon can be turned against himself in retaliation."

"Silence!" cried the countess. "I would not resort to such awful means, even to gratify my fondest aspirations."

"Yet," insinuated Bertini.

"I will have nothing to do with it," repeated the countess, imperiously. "But where is this young girl? I am in haste to see her. I am told she is wonderfully beautiful."

"Yes, I know," said Bertini, "she disturbs your peace. Yet, to be a formidable rival, she must be her father's accomplice."

"What proves she is not so?" retorted the countess. "It was to find this out for a certainty I came here."

"She is so young and candid," said Bertini, "and then she loves Monsieur De Belleville."

"Such loves melt like snow in the fierce fire of ambition," answered the countess.

Gaston entered the room at this point of the discourse, and approaching the countess, said:

"There is no trace of the man, madame. Though wounded in the shoulder, he has managed to escape."

"Leave us, Bertini," said the countess.

The Italian, though angry at being sent off, bowed with a fawning, servile smile, and glided out of the saloon.

The countess sank upon a sofa in a graceful attitude.

"You seem pensive and thoughtful, madame," said De Belleville. "I can guess the reason—this sudden and audacious attack. I must learn who the culprit is, and you must let me be your avenger. He is powerful, perhaps, and I am only a captain, but however terrible the man and high his rank,

what enemy can resist him who enjoys your kind regard and friendship?"

At this moment a door opened. Marguerite appeared, glanced at the young man, and then instantly retired.

"Sit down, Monsieur De Belleville, and listen to me," said the countess. "You prate of your devotion to me, but I have heard of Mademoiselle Daumont."

"I did love Marguerite, madame," replied the young man, "but I did not know you then."

"I have ordered you to forget this criminal folly," said the lady.

"That is easy to say, madame," replied Gaston, "for you who are insensible to the feelings you inspire."

"You have promised to marry Mademoiselle Daumont, sir," said the countess. "You must redeem the pledge."

"But if I cannot give her my heart—"

"You must conceal its loss. But here is company," she added, rising. "Give me your arm."

(To be Continued.)

MIND AND HEALTH.

THE mental condition has more influence upon the bodily health than is generally supposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause a depressing and morbid condition of the mind; but it is no less true that sorrowful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, uninfluenced by them, would be in sound health—or, if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered. Not even physicians always consider the importance of this fact. Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents, which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system into healthful activity; while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes depress all the vital forces. To be physically well one must, in general, be happy. The reverse is not always true; one may be happy and cheerful, and yet be a constant sufferer in body.

RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—OR—

THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

CHAPTER LXI.

FALCONER sat with his face buried in his hands, a prey to the fiercest and most antagonistic emotion—joy, sorrow, love, remorse, exultation, all striving for the mastery in his bosom.

The predominant feeling was perhaps an intense longing, a desire—an almost irresistible impulse to fly directly to Maud and cast himself at her feet. But that could not be, he knew.

There was silence and a pause, broken at last by Falconer, who rose and held out his hand to his old friend. The major took it, and pressing it kindly, said:

"Go, now, and take a stroll in the open air among the old ruins, my boy. It is just the thing that will soothe and calm that terribly agitated heart of yours."

"Go and take a quiet stroll in the open air among the old ruins, and with his heart and brain bursting to pour forth its torrent of thought and emotion. Oh, the man who advised that was sixty-five years old, and had forgotten his youth," thought Falconer, as he rushed home to his lodgings to write to Mr. Pemberton—Maud—both—everybody.

But to Maud first—and such a letter. Eighteen pages full of remorse, self-reproach, explanation, justification, prayers, vows, love, admiration, devotion, worship, &c., &c.

And then to her father. This was a far more difficult task, though he wrote a shorter letter. He filled and destroyed many sheets of paper before his heart was sufficiently calm, his head sufficiently clear, to feel and know precisely what he wished and what he ought to write.

At length he finished a letter truthful, manly, dignified, full of noble candour and generous statements, worthy himself to offer and Mr. Pemberton to receive. In this he enclosed Maud's letter, and despatched them by the first home mail.

But then, oh, when he remembered that weeks

must elapse before he could possibly receive an answer he felt an almost ungovernable impulse to throw himself on board the very first homeward-bound vessel and return to seek the presence of his Maud and her father.

But he recollected that rashness, impatience and impetuosity had been the besetting sins and foundering rocks of his life, and he determined to govern them.

He resolved to stay in Rome to devote himself to his art and prove himself worthy of Mr. Pemberton's esteem and Maud's affection.

First of all he went to work and patiently remodelled his *Virginus*, retaining all the peculiarly sweet and holy beauty of the female figure, and investing the form and face of the Roman father with an almost Heaven-like glory which it had not worn before.

No one could now justly complain that the principal figure of the group was slighted.

He worked away with the greatest enthusiasm, for well he guessed who was to be the "anonymous" purchaser—anonymous now no longer.

In the midst of his labours he was one morning interrupted by the major, who entered smiling and holding in his hand two letters that had arrived among the despatches received the evening before.

"One of these," said he, "is from Mr. Pemberton, and appears by the date of the post-mark to have been delayed upon its way."

He handed them to the young man, and bidding him good-day left him to their perusal.

Falconer tore open Richard Pemberton's letter, and out of it dropped another, superscribed in a lady's hand—not Maud's. Oh, that he saw immediately in one eager glance.

It was, in fact, the letter that had been written by Honoria at the suggestion of Mrs. Pemberton a short time previous to the marriage of the former.

Mr. Pemberton's letter was a friendly, business-like communication, giving a concise history of his adoption of Honoria, and introducing to her brother that young lady's letter, which was a tolerably affectionate and sisterly affair, expressing her desire to become early acquainted with him, informing him of her approaching marriage, and inviting him in her own and her husband's name to come and visit them at Christmas, by which time they would be settled in their home in Shropshire.

We will not pause to describe the astonishment of Falconer on finding that the little golden-haired sister of his infancy, whom he had always supposed had died in her babyhood of the pestilence in that ghastly hospital, had really been rescued and adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton and educated as their daughter and heiress.

It was but another bond to bind his heart to them. This threw light also upon much that had seemed inexplicable in his poor mother's manner during the last years of her life. He fell into a deep reverie over the past: facts recurred to his memory and linked themselves together in a chain of evidence that made him wonder at his own thoughtlessness, never having suspected the truth before—the identity of the name "*Honoria*," the identity of the features and complexion, the likeness of the child still preserved in the maiden, the strong likeness of both to the mother, the tender interest constantly betrayed by that poor mother.

He lingered so long over these reminiscences that he totally forgot there was another unopened letter awaiting his perusal until his eye chanced to fall upon it.

Then he roused himself from his brown study and took up the letter. It bore an official stamp. He opened it with leisurely indifference.

But imagine the surprise, delight, and pride of the young sculptor when he found it to be the proffer of a Government contract to execute a statue.

Ah, well he knew to whose influence and friendship he owed this choice honour. Would he not toil to justify it. If his energies had been inclined to flag they would now have received a new impetus.

From this time forth he worked with new zeal.

In due course of time he received the answers to his letters to Mr. Pemberton and Maud.

The reply of the former was in the greatest degree cordial, encouraging and inspiring, scarcely alluding to the past but speaking hopefully of the future.

The letter of his Maud was like herself, tender, cheerful, and affectionate. Falconer read them both many times over, pressed them both again and again to his heart.

There is little to relate of the life of patient in-

dustry led by Falconer for the next two years, however rich such a life may be in self-conquest, it is not marked by adventure or incident.

On the contrary, it had its seasons of dulness, sterility and depression, of languor of body and mind, inducing self-doubt, discouragement, and consequent failure; such seasons that come in the lives of us all, when we are tempted to think it a settled darkness when it is only a passing cloud.

Then the old imp of rashness would inspire him to throw up his work and fly to the presence of his Maud, to see her at any event, let what else would fail.

At such moments the recollection of the thousands of waves beyond waves of ocean that rolled between them would almost drive him to desperation.

At such moments nothing less swift than "the wings of the wind," or of "love," or of "thought," would have served his purpose.

Yet he controlled this swelling, fiery impatience, and settled again to his labours, perseveringly studying his subject, designing, drawing, doubting, destroying and beginning again, until he was satisfied with his sketch.

Then moulding, forming, adding, taking away, getting disgusted and commencing over again, until he had got a model to his mind, and then cutting, chipping, and rasping until slowly, slowly, and painfully from the formless block of marble emerged the statue.

His toil was cheered by letters from Maud. They never failed him. There never came a mail that was not charged with one or more of her sweet and treasured letters.

His *Virginus* was completed, perfected, and pronounced by connoisseurs who came to see it a masterpiece. It was shipped off for exhibition previous to passing into the possession of its purchaser.

Every mail brought the young sculptor encouraging accounts of its success; the press noticed it favourably. All this was highly gratifying to the young artist; but dearer, far dearer to the lover was a letter he received from his Maud full of her admiration of his work, her guileless, indiscriminating, all-accepting, all believing faith in him and his genius.

Ah, passing sweet were these first rewards of his labour. I doubt that if in his rising glorious "noon of fame" any adulation was so sweet.

Maud continued to cheer him with her frequent letters—they were faithful transcripts of the maiden's beautiful daily life in the country—her pleasing toil in assisting her father and mother in their designs and labours for the improvement of their neighbourhood—her old pensioners among the poor people—her appreciating admiration of every form of genius or beauty—her joy over a gifted musician, a great actor, or a great orator—her enthusiasm which threw its own glory and splendour over every scene of interest into which she was carried.

Thus passed the two years that it took to complete the statue. It was pronounced by all who saw it to be even far superior to his *Virginus*. Full of hope and joy Falconer shipped it, embarking himself in the same vessel to return home.

CHAPTER LXII.

WHEN Falconer landed and sought out the hotel where he settled himself for the night his next thought was to ring for the daily papers, which he turned over and examined with a keenness of interest only to be felt by a just returned absentee.

He glanced over the papers in hope and expectation of hearing recent news of Richard Pemberton—skimmed over the marriages and deaths, and turned to the "last news by the mails," when—good heavens, what does he see? Oh, a commonplace thing enough—an every day, an every hour occurrence—but to him fraught with the deepest sorrow.

It was an obscure paragraph that might be found only by those who expected to see it, and anxiously looked for it, "argued" too, "a foregone conclusion." It was this:

"We deeply regret to announce that the illness of Mr. Pemberton has assumed a fatal aspect. Since Friday morning he has continued insensible, and his physicians give no hope of his recovery."

We hope there are very few who can understand and sympathise by experience with our dear boy's feelings on reading that announcement.

It came upon him with such a shock he could not understand it; he could not fully believe it. Oh, it was too grievous, too improbable to be true.

Why should he die? He so essential to his family, to his neighbourhood, to his country. Could not that god-like intellect have kept body and soul together?

Indeed, indeed, it seemed to have half crazed the boy that it ought to have done so. Oh, why should he, so great and glorious, so powerful, so beneficent, why should he fall to dissolution?

That that magnificent mind should pass away and be known no more on earth; that that magnificent frame should crumble into dust!

To the boy's murmuring, rebellious spirit it seemed unjust, impossible, terrific. He realised death—death as the one great incomprehensible, irremediable evil—death as the one greatest woe in the world—death as the veritable King of Terrors.

Oh, could nothing have saved him? Could nothing? Medicine is a great art, was there nothing in that? No forgotten, obscure power in it which might have been remembered and called forth to save him?

Could not the adoring love of his family, the esteem and affection of his neighbourhood, the high respect, the honour of his country save him?

No, no; a court, an army, a legion of angels could not have saved him when the behest of the Highest summoned him away.

He must go in the glorious prime of manhood, in the climax of his power and usefulness; must go and leave his great work unfinished.

Oh, mysterious Providence! Oh, inscrutable mystery of death and the grave!

And then his sorrow, his remorse and bitter disappointment; that was most severe, most insufferable of all. For Falconer was not one to love or hate, revenge or repent in moderation.

And since the scales had fallen from his moral vision, and he had seen and understood, appreciated Richard Pemberton as he really was, his whole heart had been revolutionised, his whole nature had set towards Richard Pemberton with an ardent, remorseful, passionate desire for his presence, for his affection, and more than all, for his approbation.

At any time the boy could have embraced him, could have pressed him to his heart, could have thrown himself at his feet in penitent, passionate acknowledgment.

And now his dearest purpose had been to hasten to him as to an injured father, to make the most thorough and satisfactory renunciation of his former misconceptions and errors, and then to cast himself upon the certain love of that noble, that magnanimous heart.

Yes, he had intended to go to Richard Pemberton and accuse and abuse himself to his heart's content, for nothing else could satisfy the demands of his feelings.

True, much of all this had been written in letters to him; but what can a pen do in such a case? Could it demonstrate the power of a feeling that it required a lifetime to live out.

And he had been hurrying home so eagerly, so joyously, for this purpose. Such a son as he had hoped to be to him.

Richard Pemberton had no son, but he, for affection, devotion, reverence, and service—he would be a dozen sons in one.

Oh, yes, if his noble-hearted father-in-law had loved him even when he was perverse, how much more would he love him now when he should prove himself worthy?

Oh, very ardent had been his desires, his aspirations, very admirable his resolutions, very bright and joyous his hopes.

But now, now, Oh, it is a passing bitter sting for death to step in between us and our late remorse and take the power of compensation out of our hands, a bitter, a severe, an insupportable, a crushing punishment.

So the young man felt it now that the noble-hearted friend he had wronged so deeply, known only so lately, and now loved and honoured so ardently, yet so vainly, was snatched away from his tardy repentance.

The remaining hope, the one last poor hope of seeing him yet alive, of clasping his living hand, of gaining one recognising glance from his eyes, perhaps receive his blessing—this hope, this possibility inspired him, lent wings to his actions. That night he left Rushbrooke Hall.

He hurried on, he travelled day and night. But everywhere he heard of Richard Pemberton's extreme illness.

In the stage coaches the conversation of passengers was full of it; at the roadside inns the travellers talked of nothing else; every paper spoke of it; it seemed to be regarded as a sudden and great national calamity.

He heard various reports, often inconsistent and contradictory; sometimes that he was dying, once that he was dead—but this last dreadful rumour was contradicted by another.

Thus in almost insufferable anxiety and anguish

of mind the poor fellow hurried on, never stopping for needful rest, posting day and night, praying ever lest his friend should die before he reached there, die before he could receive forgiveness and his dying blessing.

We must leave him hurrying on, and relate what had in the meantime happened at Coverdale Hall.

* * * * *

Yes, it was true. In the midst of his glorious struggle the champion of political righteousness had been stricken down with a mortal illness.

The news of his attack had spread like wildfire through the country, carrying a sort of consternation with it. For he whom the destroyer had felled was in every respect a man of might—one upon whose integrity, strength and power, and strange as it may appear, upon whose continued existence the people had quite blindly reposed. For with him they never remembered to associate the idea of death. It was strange that he should be ill—unaccountable that he should die.

Such was the deep, unexpressed feeling. And "What caused his illness? What could have caused it?" were the questions constantly asked.

The cause was this: there was an approaching general election, and the whole country was aroused into a state of political agitation.

Richard Pemberton and his party met at the city of — to nominate their candidate. He had come thither with the intention of nominating and supporting General —, but he found only a few of the electors with him.

The others were nearly equally divided in favour of Mr. — and Mr. —. Mr. Pemberton addressed the meeting with even more than his usual power of logic and eloquence.

He laboured severely to bring the meeting to some unity of feeling, to some harmony of action.

It was on the brink of breaking up in a riot when Richard Pemberton rose for the last time to address them.

We know not what of Divine inspiration was evolved by that pale majestic countenance, but never before had their Heaven-like orator stood before them in such imposing, such commanding, such sovereign majesty of power.

It might be the darkness of the grave and the glory of Heaven that marked his speaking countenance in such strong lines of shade and light. Every eye was fixed upon him—every ear bent to catch his words; a spirit of prophetic awe subdued the meeting to attention.

He spoke—spoke as he had never spoken before; yet there was nothing breathing of death in his manner. He spoke with tremendous power. Those who heard him recall with wonder and enthusiasm his form and face as he stood there instinct with mighty inspiration.

His voice as it rolled in thunder over their heads or subsided in low, sweet, persuasive tones penetrated the deepest recesses of their hearts with convincing power. It secured the nomination of General —; it answered its purpose; it succeeded, though he who made it never knew it, for at the end of his address Mr. Pemberton sat down amid the silence that followed—the silence more eloquent than the loudest applause—the silence that was fearfully broken at length by a voice exclaiming in alarm:

"Mr. Pemberton has fallen!"

His friends gathered round him. In their arms he was raised.

The fatal intelligence found Mrs. Pemberton cheerfully occupied at her writing-table in the morning-room at the hotel, and alas! how unprepared for the blow.

Richard Pemberton who, by the pressure of political engagements had been of late much separated from his family, had upon this occasion brought his wife and daughter to the city and taken apartments at the hotel. And upon this fatal day Mrs. Pemberton, gracefully wrapped in an elegant negligé, sat bending over her writing-table. Beside her lay a pile of manuscript, from which she was writing out letters which she successively laid in a neat pile for signature.

And so she sat with affectionate diligence, bending over her work, the long, black, ringlets, rich and abundant still, though here and there a silver thread gleamed undisturbed amid their blackness, drooped, half veiling the pale, intellectual face. Once in a while she would lift her head and smile as she gazed on her beautiful child.

Thus they were sitting when the messenger of ill came without haste, without bustle. There was no noise or confusion below, no hurrying steps upon the staircase; nothing to herald an approaching fate; nothing to warn them of a calamity at hand.

She had just finished the last letter, looked it over to see if it were a fair copy, and finding it all right and smilingly—alas, it was her last smiling moment on earth, and yet she knew it not, suspected it not.

There came a soft tap at the door.

Mrs. Pemberton, supposing it to be a waiter with a message or a card, or some such matter, without looking up from her work of arraying the papers, said:

"Come in."

And a quiet, gentlemanly-looking person, clothed in black, entered, bowed, and somewhat deprecatingly advanced into the room.

Surprised at the unwonted, unannounced intrusion of a stranger, the lady rose, and, with one hand resting upon the table, stood with perhaps the slightest degree of hauteur in her manner as she looked her inquiry as to his business there.

"Mrs. Pemberton, I presume?" said the gentleman, in a very low voice, approaching and bowing, Mrs. Pemberton?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Madame, I am extremely sorry to inform you that Mr. Pemberton has been taken suddenly ill; a stroke of apoplexy, it is feared."

"No, no, no," exclaimed Maud, starting up.

But Mrs. Pemberton stood still and silent, gazing at the messenger of evil, while all the colour died slowly from her cheeks—died never to live there again.

"Pray do not be alarmed, madame, the attack is hoped not to be fatal."

The lady recoiled back as though she must have fallen, and caught the edge of the table for support.

Maud, pale as death, rushed to her side, encircled her waist with her arms, drew her head against her shoulder, and spoke to her.

"Mother—dear mother—dearest mother."

"Be quiet, my dear child. Where is he, sir?" spoke the lady, trying to sustain herself.

"They are bringing him here, madame. They are already here," I believe," answered the messenger, and as he spoke the sound of many slow and heavy footsteps were heard approaching.

They bore the stricken Titan in, they laid him on his couch, anxious and agitated friends were hurried from the room, physicians gathered round him. How suddenly, how terribly the world had changed and darkened to the sorely smitten wife and daughter. For them a hideous night had loomed over the earth—a hideous nightmare settled on their lives.

For many, many hours Richard Pemberton lay insensible, and for many days hereafter speechless. And oh, to her, his adoring wife, it was unutterable anguish to hang over him and witness his ineffectual efforts to speak.

That he who had governed multitudes should be there so powerless! Oh, awful—oh, inexorable power of death!

His first words on partially recovering his speech were addressed to Augusta.

She was standing by him, bending over him, holding and pressing his chilled hand to see if she could impart to it any warmth, looking fondly in his face to catch and interpret his wishes in its expression, when she felt his cold fingers gently close upon her own, met his faded eyes fixed upon her with ineffable affection, and saw his lips move, and when she bent down her ear to hear his faltering tones he whispered earnestly:

"Wife—wife," and gazed upon her loved face till his dimmed eyes grew warm and brilliant with the life of a love "stronger than death."

She bowed and kissed the clammy brow, lips and hands. Nor had she any difficulty in maintaining her composure—for since the physicians had given her to understand there were no hopes of his restoration, the hand of death seemed coldly closing around her heart, chilling, calming, awing her into a strange resignation.

The next day, while she was sitting by his bed, he beckoned, and when she stooped to listen, whispered:

"Home, Augusta."

(To be Continued.)

THERE is a rumour that in the course of the coming autumn another Royal visit will be paid to Ireland, but whether Her Majesty will visit the "Emerald Isle" in person, or depute the Prince of Wales (who, it will be remembered, is also Earl of Dublin) to represent her, is not yet settled. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the "wild Irish," who of late have been remarkably tame and wonderfully free from political demonstrations, that Her Majesty will visit Ireland in person.

THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. HAYDEN's theory made Mollie cry and Beatrice angry, and Theodore laugh. He had to stand between them all to keep them from quarrelling, and he did it admirably, and smoothed everything so nicely, and made the trip to Holburton seem so desirable, that Mollie began to want to go, especially as he assured her he could well afford the expense, as the church at which he officiated paid him liberally, and had just given him thirty pounds to do with as he liked.

Beatrice had intended to meet the expenses herself, but could not press the matter without hurting more than she did good, so she acquiesced, but mentioned the Morton share as something less than a half of the whole which Mrs. Fleming was to receive.

It was just possible that Mrs. Hayden might follow them with her husband if good rooms and board could be found for her, for she had taken a great liking to Miss Belknap, who stood even higher in her estimation than Mrs. Sniffe, and whose acquaintance she readily saw would do her more real good in a social point of view.

So it was finally arranged that Mollie and the children should go to Holburton for the summer, and word to that effect was forwarded to Mrs. Fleming, with instructions to have the rooms in readiness by the middle of July.

It was a lovely summer day when the party arrived at Holburton and were driving to the brown house on the common, where they were expected and where they found everything in perfect readiness for them, and Mrs. Fleming and Agnes waiting to receive them. Josephine was not visible. From the first she had resolutely set her face against them. At the Vineyard she had been flattered and much noticed by a set of foolish people, who did not know enough of the world to discriminate between the true and the false, and she came home with as many new airs as she brought soiled clothes for Agnes to wash and iron.

When she heard of the expected boarders and that she was to give up her room, the largest and best on the largest floor, for a general parlour for the ladies, she was furious, and said things which no daughter should ever say to her mother.

She did not want a lot of women in the house anyway, she said; they were just a nuisance and made as much again trouble as men. They were never satisfied with their board; were always in the kitchen washing out their pocket-handkerchiefs, heating flat-irons and making a fuss generally, besides peering round to see what they could find to gossip about.

For her part she liked to be free to do as she liked without the fear of being torn to shoe-strings by some meddling, jealous old woman. If they must have boarders take gentlemen; there were plenty who would be glad to come. She would rather have clerks, or even mechanics, than the fine lady they described and a sick woman with her brats, and blue as a whetstone undoubtedly, inasmuch as she was a missionary's wife. She'd be wanting family prayers and a blessing at the table, and be horrified to know there were two packs of cards in the house, and that they were used, too.

This was Josephine's opinion, but her mother had her way in spite of it. Five pounds a week was not offered her every day, and she said the people should come, and went on with her preparations for them, while Josephine pouted and sulked, and declared her intentions of avoiding them entirely, and never in any way coming in contact with them.

Still there was a consolation in the fact that the small room she was compelled to take was downstairs and so far removed from the boarders that they would not know how late she was out on the street with admirers, of which she had several, or how long they stayed with her after she came in. Josephine liked the kind of life she was leading at present.

No lady in town dressed better than she did, and though she knew that people commented upon it, and wondered where she got the money, and hinted at things which no real modest woman would like to have laid to her charge, she did not care, she

said, so long as she knew it was all right, and that some day everything would be explained, and she stand acquitted before the world, which talked about and criticised her unmercifully, but because there was no tangible proof against her, noticed and invited her just the same as if there was no breath of suspicion attaching to her name.

She would be noticed, and if she saw signs of rebellion in any quarter she fought it down inch by inch and rode triumphantly over the opinions of those who tried to slight her.

No young lady in town could boast as many admirers as she, and it seemed as if she carried about her a power to sway the young men at her will and keep them at her side even after they found there was no hope for them.

Old Captain Sparks, the millionaire, had long known this, and yet as the moth flutters around the candle, so he hovered around the young beauty, accepting now the position of father instead of brother, as the others were to her, and from time to time presenting his daughter with costly presents, which she accepted so sweetly and prettily because she knew it would hurt him if she refused.

To the other lovers she was sister and friend, and she gave them a great deal of good advice, and made them believe they were much safer with her than they would be elsewhere, and perhaps they were, for Josephine had joined the church as her last coup d'état, and professed a great deal of morality on certain subjects, and even pity to them all save Dr. Matthewson, who knew her thoroughly, and whom she never tried to deceive.

And still, knowing her as he did, and knowing, too, that she was not for him, Dr. Matthewson was more absolutely under her influence than any of the train who visited her so constantly. But just now he was away on business, as he called it, though Josephine knew that the business was gambling, that being his only means of livelihood.

A fortunate play, or series of plays, had put a large sum of money into his hands, and he had gone on a sailing vessel to the West Indies, hoping to double his means, and thinking if he did to pay a visit to America before returning to England.

So there was one less hanger on at Mrs. Fleming's, and Josephine was a very little ennuyed without the doctor, whom in her heart she preferred to any man living. And yet could she have taken him then by giving up Everard she would have done it, for though she had now no love for her husband, she had a fancy for the money and position he could give her by-and-bye, and for which she was patiently waiting.

Had her life been less pleasant and exciting, or had Everard sent her less sums of money she might have rebelled against it, and taken steps which would have resulted in her learning the state of affairs at the Forrest House. But as it was she was content to wait and enjoy herself in her own way, which was to dress and flirt, and come and go at her pleasure, and be waited on at home as if she were some princess of the blood.

And this was about the state of things when Beatrice reached the Fleming house with her family. Mr. Morton was with them, but he only came to see them safely there, and then, as it was Saturday, took the train for Sheffield, where he was to preach the following day.

Beatrice and Mrs. Morton both professed themselves much pleased with their rooms, which looked so cool and clean, and inviting, with the white beds and new matting, and pretty muslin curtains at the windows.

"I do believe I shall rest here and get well again, everything is so comfortable," Mrs. Morton said, as she lay down upon the chintz-covered lounge for a few moments before taking the cup of tea which was brought to her by Agnes, who, in her clean calico dress, with her dark hair combed smoothly back, and that sad but peaceful expression on her white, tired face, enlisted Beatrice's sympathies at once, for she saw from her manner, half cringing, half apologetic, that she was a mere machine, a household drudge, and she resolved to stand her friend whatever might come.

Agnes was very fond of children, and when she had arranged the tray for Mrs. Morton she turned to the little ones and tried to coax them to her side. Bunchie came at once, attracted by something which appealed to her child-nature in the woman's face, but Trixey held aloof and, with her hands behind her, watched the woman cautiously, and it would seem without a very complimentary verdict in her favour.

Trixey was fond of bright, gay colours and elegant apparel. Beatrice's style suited her better than this faded, spiritless woman whom she nevertheless

regarded very intently, and at last started with the question:

"How did you look when you were new?"

"Oh, Trixey!" Mrs. Morton and Beatrice both exclaimed in a breath, fearing lest Agnes' feelings should be hurt, but she only laughed a hearty, merry laugh, which changed her face completely, and made it almost young and pretty, as she said:

"I don't know how I looked; it was very long ago that I was new, but I love little girls like you, and my old black hands have made them so many pies and cakes, and paper dollies, and they shall make some for you if you'll let me kiss you once."

Trixey was won by this, and when Agnes went back to the kitchen she was followed by both the children, who were intent upon the little cakes she had made that morning, in expectation of their coming.

Josephine was nowhere visible, neither did she appear at the tea-table, and as no mention was made of her Beatrice did not know that she was home until Trixey came running to her mother with the announcement that she had seen an angel in the garden—"a real, bootiful angel, all blue and white, wis wings and 'eller hair turin' on her back. I know her's angel, 'cause I ask her was she one and she laugh so nice, and say: 'People have called me so.' Does angels walk as well as fly?"

Then Beatrice felt sure that the angel was the young lady who had been the direct cause of her coming to Holburton, and she was right in her conjecture.

Josephine had declared she would not pay the least attention to the new boarders, but she watched their arrival curiously through the half-closed shutters, deciding that Mrs. Morton was a dowdy country woman, that Mr. Morton was a splendid-looking man, and that Mrs. Belknap was really very stylish and elegant even in her plain travelling suit of linen, and that perhaps after all she was somebody whom it would be policy to cultivate or gull, as to herself she called her faculty of making strangers think and make much of her.

But she would not present herself that afternoon. She was tired and wanted to keep fresh for evening, when she expected a call from a young man from Sheffield, whose mother had taken rooms at the hotel for the summer, and whom she had met at a picnic the day before. So she lounged in her wrapper, sleeping some and reading some, and having her tea and muffins brought to her room by Agnes. After tea she dressed herself in a white dotted muslin, with wide sleeves open nearly to her shoulders, and disclosing the whole of her round, well-shaped arms.

There was a blue sash around her waist, and a blue ribbon on her golden hair, and when Trixey came upon her in the garden she was reaching up to gather some blossoms from a tall honeysuckle so that her wide sleeves fell back and gave her the appearance of having wings, as Trixey said.

In one of Trixey's books there was a picture of an angel in white and blue, with arms outstretched toward something above it, and the little girl mistook Josephine for the original of this picture, and imagined her a real angel such as she had wished to see since they told her that her baby-brother had been taken by one and carried up to Jesus; so she accented the young lady with:

"Is you an angel, and have you seen my baby-brother up in Heaven?"

The compliment was appreciated fully, and the "brat" whom Josephine meant to hate was kissed and caressed, and the resolution formed to cultivate these people who might all consider her an angel.

The next day was Sunday, and though breakfast was served later than usual, Josephine was later still, and the meal was nearly half over when she tripped into the room, attired in a French blue cambric gown, with gold pendants in her ears, and a sprig of honeysuckle at her throat.

There was a very sweet, apologetic expression on her face as she went up to her mother and kissed her good morning, saying, coaxingly:

"Late again, as usual, mamma, but you must excuse me. I was so sleepy;" then, with a graceful recognition of the strangers, she took her seat at the table by the side of Trixey, whom she patted on the head, saying: "And how is my little pet this morning?"

Mrs. Fleming was accustomed to all manner of moods and freaks in her daughter, but the kissing was something new and surprised her a little, especially as there were no gentlemen present to witness the pretty childish scene. She passed it off, however, naturally enough, and introducing her daughter to the ladies went on distributing the eggs Agnes had just brought in.

Agnes waited upon the table, and so there was no kiss for her, only a gracious nod and a "good morning, sister," as if this was their first meeting, when, in fact, Agnes had been in and out Josephine's room three or four times, carrying hot water, and towels and soap.

But Agnes was accustomed to such things and made no sign, except as a slight flush passed across her pale face, which was unobserved by Beatrice, who was giving all her attention to the young beauty, sipping her coffee so leisurely, and saying pretty things to Trixey, who looked at her wonderingly.

"I met your little daughter in the garden last night," she said to Mrs. Morton, who replied:

"Yes, she told us she had seen an angel in blue and white," whereupon Josephine laughed a silvery, merry, made-up laugh, and said:

"I believe she did make some such mistake. It was the wide sleeves and the child's vivid imagination, for I am not considered much of an angel by those who know me best; eh, mamma?" and she smiled up into her mother's face.

How beautiful she was, with those great dreamy blue eyes, those delicately chiselled features, and that dazzling complexion, which Bee thought at first must be artificial, it was so pure and white, and smooth. But she was mistaken, for whatever might have been false about Josephine, her complexion was her own, and had never known powder or paste, or wash of any kind. It was very brilliant and fresh, and she looked so young and innocent and child-like as she sat there that Beatrice found it hard to believe there was aught of guile or deceit in her.

Everard must have been mistaken in his estimate of her, or had become morbidly sensitive to any faults she might have, and Bee's thoughts were at once busy with what she meant to do for this estranged couple.

There must be much of good in this beautiful creature. Surely that face and those eyes, which looked so confidently at you, could not cover a very bad heart. Weak and vain and faulty she might be, but not bad; not treacherous and unwomanly, as Everard believed, and Beatrice was so glad she had come there to see and judge for herself.

Every action was perfectly lady-like, every movement graceful, while the voice was peculiarly soft and low, and well-tered in its tone, and during the few moments they talked together after breakfast Beatrice felt herself fascinated as she had never been before by any human being.

As she was rather tired and had a slight headache she did not go to church that morning, but saw Josephine leave the house in a suit of gray and black silk and watched her out of sight with feelings of wonder and perplexity.

Could this be the woman whom Everard regarded with so much disgust? the Joe Fleming whom she had thought so detestable?

Nor was her wonder at all diminished when that afternoon she found Josephine in the garden, seated under a tree with Bunchie in her lap and Trixey by her side, listening intently while she told them the story of Moses in the bulrushes.

They had heard it before, but it gained new power and interest when told in Josephine's dramatic way, and they hung on every word, and when it was done begged her for another.

Surely there was more of the angel than the fiend, and Beatrice, too, sat down, charmed in spite of herself with the girl she had expected to despise.

"I have a class in Sunday-school, and I often tell them stories. I find it a good way to interest them, and I used to think it so dull repeating the catechism and texts of scripture, and nothing else Sunday after Sunday, when I was a child," Josephine said, and Beatrice's respect for her was instantly increased.

"She must be good, and Everard is surely mistaken," she thought, as she listened to the story telling, which now was of Bethlehem's manger and the baby once cradled there, the subject affording good opportunities for a show of piety, whether real or affected.

Bee took it for the former, and her admiration was at its height when Josephine finished her stories and began to talk to her.

Mrs. Fleming had received an impression that Miss Belknap was from London, and Josephine began to question her of that city, asking if she had always lived there.

"I was born there, and am there a great deal," Beatrice replied, "but I was educated in Paris, and if I were a man and could vote, it would be in Rothsay, a little town on the borders. My house and my home really are there."

When Beatrice first came to Holburton she did not quite know whether she should speak of Rothsay or not. She would let circumstances determine it for her, she thought, and circumstances had.

Josephine was so different from what she had expected to find her that she already looked upon a reconciliation between the husband and wife as something sure, and purposely mentioned Rothsay to see what the effect would be.

She did not look directly at Josephine, as she was buttoning Bunchie's boot, but she knew that she started suddenly, and when she did glance at her there was an increase of colour in her face, but otherwise she was very calm, and her voice was very natural as she repeated the word Rothsay, evidently trying to recall something connected with that place. At last she succeeded, and said:

"Rothsay—Rothsay! Why, that is where Mr. Forrest lives. Mr. J. Everard Forrest, jun. He boarded with mamma two or three years ago. He was in college. Probably you know him."

And the blue eyes looked very innocently at Beatrice, who, warned by the perfect acting to be cautious and guarded, replied:

"Oh, yes, I know Everard Forrest. His mother was a distant relative of mine, and I called her cousin. She is dead. Did you know?"

"Yes, I think I heard so. Everard was very fond of his mother," Josephine said; then, after a pause she added: "Judge Forrest is very wealthy and very aristocratic, isn't he?"

"He was always called so, and the Forrest property is said to be immense. Everard will be very rich if he ever gets it," Beatrice replied, quieting her conscience with the fact that, so far as the judge was concerned, she had put him in the past tense, and spoken of what he was once rather than of what he was at present, but Josephine paid no attention to tenses, and had no suspicion whatever of the truth.

She was really a good deal startled and shaken, mentally, notwithstanding the calmness of her demeanour. Here was a person from Rothsay who knew Everard Forrest, and who might be of great service to her in the future, and it behoved her to be doubly on her best behaviour.

When she first met Beatrice at the breakfast-table, and saw in her unmistakable marks of culture and refinement, and calculated the probable cost of the French embroidery and lace on her morning-dress, and the diamonds on her hands, she felt that she was somebody from a higher sphere and position than any of which she had knowledge, and she decided to build herself up through her, and perhaps gain access to circles closed against her now.

Her chances seemed to promise well with Beatrice, and she had already made up her mind to be an angel for a while, for there was a double motive for the angelic rôle, for Miss Belknap knew Judge Forrest, and might some day be a go-between. Her next question was:

"Is Everard married yet?"

"Married!" Beatrice repeated, and she felt the colour rising in her face, for how could she answer this question, and why had Josephine put it. But she did answer it without committing herself. She said: "Why, he has not his profession yet, but is studying very hard in his father's office."

"Ah, yes, I remember he intended to be a lawyer. I liked him very much, he was so pleasant and gentlemanly," Josephine said, and there was a drooping of the heavy lashes over her blue eyes as if with regret for the past, when she knew and liked Everard Forrest. Then, suddenly lifting them and flashing a look full at her companion, she said, playfully: "You must excuse me, Miss Belknap, for asking if Mr. Forrest was married. I forgot that you might possibly be his fiancée."

This was rather familiar for an acquaintance of a few hours, and Beatrice felt it so, but was glad the suggestion was made, and answered readily:

"Oh, no; marriage between Everard and myself is impossible. I am older than he, and we are quite too good friends and know each other too well ever to marry. Such a thing could never be."

Josephine was sure she was speaking the truth, and was relieved of the momentary suspicion that Miss Belknap might be her rival in Everard's affections, but she was not through with her questionings, and had not touched the point about which she was most solicitous, so she said:

"But has he no one to whom he is particularly attentive? He used to be very fond of the girls, and there surely must be somebody in Rothsay suitable for him, or is his father so proud that he would object to everybody?"

Beatrice knew perfectly well what Josephine meant, and answered accordingly. She had heard that the judge was very particular, and would resent

a marriage which he thought beneath his son; "but if the woman was good, and true, and pure, and did her best, I think it would all be well in time," she added, as an encouragement to this girl in whom she was trying to believe, and Josephine continued:

"He used to speak of a little girl, Rosamond, I think, was the name. She must be well grown by this time. Is she there now?"

"You mean Rosalie Hastings, his adopted sister. Yes, she is there still, and a very nice, womanly little thing. She is sixteen, I believe, though she seems to me younger," Beatrice said, and the impression left on Josephine's mind of Rosalie was of a child, in whom Everard could not be greatly interested except in a brotherly way.

She had made all the inquiries she dared to make just then, lest she should excite suspicion in Beatrice, and was meditating a retreat when the sound of rapid wheels reached them, and a moment after, a tall, slender young man, not over twenty, if indeed he was so old as that, came through the hall and out upon the back piazza, followed by Mrs. Fleming, who, pointing out the group under the tree, went back to her room, while he came down the walk flourishing his little cane and showing plainly the half-fledged boy who was beginning to feel all the independence and superiority of a man.

He had a very smooth, girlish face, except about the chin, where the ghost of a beard was visible. He wore eye-glasses across his nose, with the silken cord fastened in his vest pocket. There was a tiny bouquet in his button-hole, and both boots and pants were seemingly tight as his skin, if not tighter, for he could sit down comfortably in his skin while he could not in his pants, so he stood, even after Josephine had introduced him to Miss Belknap as Mr. Gerard, from Sheffield, and had asked him to be seated.

Evidently there was nothing bad about the youth except that he was incurably conceited, and thinking Miss Belknap was from London, and therefore city-bred, he criticised the country and the morning sermon, the text of which he did not know, and the church and the people so different from what one finds in the city, and he wondered how Miss Fleming managed to exist the year round in such a dull, poking town.

"You couldn't if you did not go away often, and had not resources of your own," he said.

And then Josephine, who was rather ashamed of him, began to defend the country, but he waived the subject, and adjusting his glasses told her he had come to see if she would not like to take a drive behind his fast horse.

"You were at church all the morning, and then taught in the lot Sunday-school afterward, so you deserve a little recreation," he said, as he saw signs of refusal in Josey, who, feeling sure that Miss Belknap would not accept a like invitation felt that she too must refuse; so she said very sweetly and a little reprovingly:

"Thank you, Mr. Gerard, but I do not often ride on Sunday. Mamma would not like it at all. Some other day I may be happy to try that fast horse, for I doat on fast horses, but now you must excuse me."

Young Gerard was surprised, for he had not expected to find conscientious scruples in the girl who, the previous night, had played cribbage with him until half-past eleven, and then stood another half hour at the gate talking, laughing, and flirting with him, though she had met him but once before.

A greatly petted son, he was not accustomed to be thwarted, and he showed that he was annoyed, and answered loftily:

"Certainly, do as you think right. If you won't ride with me I must find somebody who will. I wish you good afternoon, ladies."

Touching his hat politely he walked away, but Josephine could not let him go in this mood. He was her latest conquest; he had money, and a sister, and a house in the city, and a fast horse, and she must keep hold of him as a stepping-stone, for through him she might become intimate with his mother and sister, Miss Cecelia Gerard, and possibly be invited to visit them in Sheffield, and Josephine was on the alert for such chances as these.

Then there was Christmas in the distance, when it was proper for young men to make presents and young women to accept them, and she knew well how to play her cards in that line as was proven by the quantity of ornaments and fancy articles she had, all presents from friends, mostly young men to whom she was a sister or a confidential friend, and each of whom was silly enough to believe himself the favourite, and that she did him good with her counsel and advice.

She could not afford to lose him, there were so few of this class in town; she would rather risk Miss

Belknap's good opinion. So she arose and followed him, and walked with him to the gate, and said to him apologetically:

"I want to go awfully, but it will never do with a missionary's family in the house."

"Better take the missionaries," he said. "I wanted to show you how fast Dido can trot."

"Yes, I know; but there are other days than Sunday, and there are lots of girls aching to go with you to-day," Josephine said, as she fastened a little more securely the bouquet in his button-hole and let her hands rest longer on his coat-sleeve than was necessary.

"But I sha'n't take 'em. I shall wait for you," he answered, quite soothed and mollified.

Then he bade her good-bye and drove off, thinking to himself, "What a duced nice girl she was," and wondering what the governor, and his mother, and Cle would say if he should one day bring her a bride to the Gerard mansion in Sheffield.

Meanwhile Josephine returned to Beatrice and said, laughingly:

"What bores boys of a certain age are, and how they always fasten upon a girl older than themselves. This Gerard cannot be over twenty, and looks younger than that. He reminds me a little in his dress of Everard Forrest when he first came here, so fastidious and elegant as if he had just stepped from a bandbox."

"He is very different to that now," said Beatrice, raising up at once in Everard's defence. "Of course he can never look like anything but a gentleman; his figure and manners would ensure that; but he wears his coats, and boots, and hats until they are positively shabby, and seems to be practicing the most rigid economy in everything. It would almost seem as if he were hoarding up money for some particular purpose, he is so careful about expense. His father gave him a valuable horse and he has sold that, it cost so much to keep it. He neither smokes, nor chews, nor drinks so much as a drop of spirits of any kind, and it is said of him that he has not a single bad habit; his wife, should she ever have one, ought to be very proud of him."

Beatrice was very eloquent and earnest in her praises of Everard, and watched closely the effect on Josephine.

There certainly was a different expression on her face as she listened to this high encomium on her husband, whose economies she well knew were practiced for her, and there was something like a throb of gratitude or affection in her heart when she heard that the money she had supposed was given him by his father was earned or saved by himself, that she might be daintily clothed.

"I am delighted with this good account of him, and so will mamma be," she said; "he must have changed so much, for he was very extravagant and reckless when we knew him, but I liked him exceedingly. Please remember me kindly to him when you see him; or possibly you may be writing to him?" and she looked steadily at Beatrice, who knew she should write to him, but who could not say so to Josephine, so she answered instead: "I shall write to Rosamond."

"Yes, that will do as well," was Josephine's reply.

And in her eyes there lurked a look of mirth as if at the thought of Rosalie and Joe Fleming she could scarcely refrain from laughing outright.

Again there was the sound of wheels stopping before the gate, and, excusing herself, Josephine hurried away to meet the second gallant who had come to take her to ride.

Of course she could not go, and so the young man stayed with her, and Walter Gerard drove back that way, and seeing her in the parlour tied his horse to the fence and came sauntering in with the air of one sure of a welcome.

Josephine did not appear at the tea-table, but Beatrice saw Agnes taking a tray into the parlour, and was sure the trio were served in there, and felt a little shocked when half an hour later Trix, who had been wandering carelessly about the house, came to her and, in a confidential whisper, said:

"Both 'em mau's sittin' as c'ose to Miss Joe as ey can."

That night the clock struck twelve before the sound of suppressed voices and laughter ceased in the parlour, and the two traps were driven rapidly away.

The constant talking disturbed Mrs. Morton, whose room was over the parlour, and who could not sleep while it lasted, and she became so nervous and restless that Bess gave her a composing draught and then sat by her until the house was quiet and she fell off to sleep.

(To be Continued.)



[THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.]

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

THE distinguished General and President of the French Republic is by descent an Irishman, sprung directly from the Mahons, who, before Brian Boru, ruled over Munster. It is noteworthy how many eminent men, and in particular eminent military men, France has drawn from other countries; of Napoleon the First's generals, Macdonald was a Scot, and Clarke (Duc de Feltre) an Irishman, two only out of many instances that might be mentioned.

In 1691, on the capitulation of Limerick, and the consequent utter downfall of the Stuart cause in Ireland, the vanquished Irish soldiers were summarily called upon to make their choice between remaining in their own country as subjects of William the Third, or leaving it as outlaws for France and loyalty to James the Second, the last king of the house of Stuart.

A great majority declared for France, though to the passionate and patriotic Celtic nature such a stern separation must have been terrible indeed. As Lord Macaulay impressively says of the Irish soldier thus abandoning his country:—"He had bound himself to go into exile beyond the dreary expanse of waters which impressed his rude mind with mysterious terror. His thoughts ran on all that he was to leave, on the well-known peat stack and potato ground, and on the mud cabin, which, humble as it was, was still his home. He was never again to see the familiar faces round the turf fire, or to hear the familiar notes of the old Irish songs. The ocean was to roll between him and the dwelling of his grey-headed parents and his blooming sweetheart.

"After the soldiers had embarked room was found for the families of many. But still there remained on the water side a great multitude clamouring piteously to be taken on board. As the last boats put off there was a rush into the surf. Some women caught hold of the ropes, were dragged out of their depth, clung till their fingers were cut through, and perished in the waves. The ships began to move. A wild and terrible wail arose from the shore—a bitter cry in which was poured forth all the rage and all the sorrow of a conquered nation."

And the exiles under the leadership of the gallant General Sarafield crossed to France, ultimately entering the French service, and displaying on many a well-fought field the ardour, devotion, and the courage of their race.

Among these adherents of the fallen cause of the Stuarts were the ancestors of the French President and general—the Duke of Magenta—and the Irish nation recognised the historic association when a magnificent sword, shortly after the Italian campaign, was presented to the hero of Magenta.

The man, says M. de Lavalée, in his clever little brochure (*Gouvernement du 25 Mai*) to whom the Assembly has entrusted the functions of the Presidency of the Provisional Republic, while not famed for his artifices of small address or for intrigue, is universally known as possessing a character just, dignified, and resolute. Throughout the whole of his career he has followed the course pointed out by conscience, not on any occasion heeding the crafty counsels of vulgar ambition. Desire of self-elevation has never carried him beyond the stern line marked out by duty. The esteem of all—even of his political foes—is the highest recompense of a life so well bestowed.

The judgment of this clever French writer is, without doubt, generally endorsed by the French

nation, who find conspicuously in the Marshal the qualities thus ascribed to him.

Marshal MacMahon—or as his name more fully runs, Marie Edme Patrice Maurice, Marquis of MacMahon, Duke of Magenta—was born at Sully, in the department of the Saône and Loire, the 13th July, 1808. The reader will observe in at least two of the names indications of Hibernian descent. Referring to the loyalty of his ancestors for the Stuarts, M. Lavalée remarks that loyalty or devotion to a cause is a tradition in the family; and, by the way, it is by no means improbable that the Marshal cherishes this ancient feeling towards the fallen house of Bonaparte.

The MacMahons became attached to their new country, and by frequent and faithful service they liberally repaid the hospitality which France had extended to them. The father of the Marshal enjoyed the personal regard and friendship of Charles the Tenth—the last of the old "Legitimate" line of French monarchs, an interest of which Henry the Fifth, Comte de Chambord, is the existing representative.

Early he destined his son for a career of arms. He entered the famous military school of St. Cyr, where he passed his examinations brilliantly. In 1830 he was sent to Africa, joining in the first Algerian campaign. He was created Lieutenant in 1831, and served as aide-de-camp to General Achard in the siege of Antwerp in 1832. He attained the rank of captain in 1833, and became aide-de-camp successively to Generals Bro, Damrémont, and d'Houdetot. In these African campaigns he greatly distinguished himself, particularly at the siege of Constantine in 1837, where he was severely wounded.

He was nominated Major of Foot Chasseurs in 1840, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Foreign Legion in 1842, Colonel of the 41st of the Line in 1845, and General of Brigade in 1848. In Algeria, says his French biographer already referred to, he gave many proofs of the most intrepid bravery. In 1851 he was promoted to the rank of general of division.

He was recalled to Paris in 1855, a memorable year in which our own fine Palmerston, with the English people at his back, sternly stopped the onward annexing progress of the oppressors of Poland, and taught those wielders of the knout and proprietors of Siberian mines a lesson which kept them in check—till recently. Gallantly did the French perform their portion of the work. When in 1855 General Canrobert let the Crimea MacMahon was selected by Louis Napoleon to succeed him in the command of a division of infantry in the corps of Marshal Bosquet.

When the allied generals resolved on assaulting Sebastopol, 8th September, they assigned to MacMahon the arduous and dangerous post of carrying the works of the Malakoff. Seeing at their head a general so resolute the soldiers advanced with the utmost fury, and the Russians directed their best efforts against the point occupied by the division of MacMahon. But they were decisively beaten. The French, writes an annalist, undertook the assault of the Malakoff and the English the assault of the Redan batteries. At the precise hour fixed on the French soldiers rushed from their advanced places d'armes. They crossed the ditches with surprising agility, and, climbing on the parapets, attacked the enemy to the cry of "Vive L'Empereur!" At the Malakoff fort, the slopes on the inside being very high, the first arrivals stopped for a moment in order to form, then mounted on the parapet and leaped into the work. The contest which had commenced by musket shots was continued with the bayonet, butt-ends and stones.

The Russian artillerymen made use of their rammers as weapons, but they were everywhere killed, taken prisoners, or driven off, and in a quarter of an hour the French flag was floating on the conquered redoubt. For his conspicuous success on this occasion MacMahon was created Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; and in 1856 was also nominated a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. In 1859 war arose between Italy and Austria, the precursor and the source of many subsequent disturbances in Europe, the end of which no man can by possibility foresee.

Rejoicing as all friends of constitutional government must do in the establishment of a Free Italy, nevertheless it is apparent that if treaties are broken by one nation they can with equal justice be broken all round. The late John Stuart Mill, therefore, very wisely urged that a treaty should be made for a definite term of years only, and during that time should be rigidly kept or rigidly enforced by the contracting parties. It is mere truth to say that at present treaties are little else than a delusion—made to be violated whenever convenience and opportunity dictate.

On the 4th June, 1859, occurred the battle of Magenta. "Yesterday," writes the French emperor, "our army was under orders to march on Milan across the bridges thrown over the Ticino at Turbigo. The operations were well executed, although the enemy, who had repassed the Ticino in great force, offered a most determined resistance. The roadways were narrow, and for two hours the Imperial Guard sustained unsupported the shock of the enemy. In the meantime General MacMahon made himself master of Magenta. After sanguinary conflicts we repulsed the enemy at every point, with loss on our side of about 2,000 men placed hors de combat. The loss of the enemy is estimated at 15,000 killed and wounded."

For the important and decisive share he had in this brilliant victory MacMahon was forthwith created Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta. He represented France at the coronation of the King of Prussia (William III.) in Nov., 1861; was nominated to the command of the third corps d'armée Oct. 14, 1862, and was constituted Governor-General of Algeria by decree, Sept. 1, 1864. In his new sphere he adopted a novel system, designed gradually to create an Arab kingdom; and to us it seems sad that it fell through, as fall it did, mainly through the jealousy of the colonists, who, as a rule, love always to trample down the "inferior races" of our common humanity.

We ourselves have only lately been inculcating—by men like Lord Mayo and Lord Lytton—better things in India. The idea was creditable to the generosity, the humanity, and possibly (using the words in their highest sense) to the constructive statesmanship of the Marshal. When the Franco-German war broke out MacMahon was entrusted with the command of the First Army Corps, whose head quarters were at Strasburg. The Crown Prince of Prussia, Aug. 6, 1870, attacked the United Army Corps of Generals MacMahon, Faily, and Canrobert drawn up in position at Wœrth. MacMahon had under him 50,000 men altogether, and held an excellent defensive position on the slopes of the Vosges, but the French line was turned by the Prussians at two points, and their left and centre broken, notwithstanding a desperate charge of cavalry which was ordered by MacMahon as a last resort. MacMahon retreated next day to Saverne, then to Toul, to Rheims, and to Reims. On August 30th his forces were again defeated by the Prussians, being driven back from Beaumont beyond the Meuse, near Mouzon. MacMahon was chief in command at the battle of Sedan (September 1), but received a severe wound in the thigh at the beginning of the action, in consequence of which the command devolved on General Wimpffen, who signed the capitulation. The French repeatedly attempted in the course of the day to break through the circle which Von Moltke had directed to be drawn around them; but time after time they were defeated with great loss, till in the end the mass of disordered troops was forced to take shelter under the walls of the fortified city. No other course was left the Prussians than to bombard the town with a heavy battery.

In twenty minutes the town was burning in several places, which, with the numerous burning villages over the whole field, produced a terrible impression. War can never be waged on "milk and water" principles; but here we observe two things: the courtesy of the German monarch to his fallen foe, and consideration for his people in most striking contrast to the tyrannical, inhuman, and violent conduct of the First Napoleon towards the Prussians—say for example after Jena; and the mother of this very King of Prussia, the young and beautiful Queen Louisa, who was literally brought to her premature grave by French violence and barbarity. MacMahon was made a prisoner of war and conveyed into Germany. On recovering from his wound he left Wiesbaden for France, March 13, 1871, and in the following month was appointed Commander in Chief of the Army at Versailles.

The Commune, which sought to revive the ghastly orgies of Robespierre, which murdered the aged Archbishop and other ministers of Him, which employed female malignants armed with petroleum, which massacred hostages, and which, in sheer blind rage, actually fired the Louvre (the finest collection of pictures in Europe) was then ruling in Paris; and these very men, had opportunity offered, would at an earlier period have murdered the Empress Eugénie just as their infamous ancestors imbued their hands in the blood of the beautiful and queenly Antoinette. But these roughs were put down.

After a siege extending over nine weeks the Versailles troops succeeded in entering Paris, May 21, 1871; and on the 28th of the same month MacMahon was able to announce the delivery of Paris, and the revival of order, labour and security. The more

desperate of these Communistic politicians, felons, and escaped forçats of the worst description, turned at the last moment on their own comrades because they refused to continue the fight. Some women murdered with knives two young men for the same reason. MacMahon put an end to these unspeakable infamies. Yet such strange things will occur—these very Communists have their sympathisers; but, once for all, we must judge them by their deeds. And we cannot wonder if MacMahon—the hooting of the Republican press notwithstanding—desires firmly to suppress this revolutionary demon, and to avoid any possible recurrence of scenes so horrible. In December, 1871, MacMahon was requested to become a candidate to represent Paris in the National Assembly, but he refused to accept the nomination. He was, on the resignation of M. Thiers, elected President of the Republic, May 24, 1873, the vote being almost unanimous. The Republic, however, as thus constituted had nothing, at least among its leaders, in common with the old revolutionary blood-stained systems, except the name.

Men like M. Thiers for example most nearly resemble our own moderate Liberals or even Constitutional Whigs—the latter party, just as the more liberal members of the Tory party, having in England formed for us our own splendid workable combination of law and liberty, individualism and authority. In no country in the universe does there exist the same freedom as in England—certainly neither in France nor in America, and least of all in an advanced Republic. MacMahon's letter accepting the high office of President, and addressed to the Assembly, is a perfect pattern of soldierly straightforwardness, manliness and modesty.

"A heavy responsibility," he wrote, "is thrust upon my patriotism, but, with the aid of God, the devotion of the army, which will always be the army of the law, and the support of all honest men, we will continue together the work of liberating the territory, and restoring moral order throughout the country; we will maintain internal peace and the principles on which society is based. That this shall be done I pledge my word as an honest man and a soldier." He at once proceeded to form a Conservative administration, his ministers being the Duc de Broglie, Foreign Affairs and Vice-President of the Council; M. Ernoult, Justice; M. Beulé, Interior; M. Magne, Finance; General de Cissey, War; Vice Admiral Dompierre d'Horne, Marine and Colonies; M. Batbie, Public Instruction, Worship, and Fine Arts; M. Desseilligny, Public Works; and M. de la Bouillerie, Agriculture and Commerce. The Septennate was voted Nov. 19, 1873, when the National Assembly by 378 votes against 310 entrusted him with the presidential power for seven years.

It is hard to speak, particularly at the present moment, of MacMahon as a politician. Recent alterations in the Cabinet; the introduction and then the removal of M. Jules Simon; the forcible arrest of the Mayor of Paris; the interference with liberty of speech—all these things are familiar to our readers, and from the superficial could only call down condemnation, which in the abstract they would deserve. We in England would not tolerate such dictatorial acts. Most true; but the conditions of English and French politics are very different; France is ever on a volcano; and in England a too eccentric man occasionally gets his liberty impeded by a strait jacket. France has never for long known settled order; some such vision seemed before us, but it was too bright to last.

There are the Ultramontanists on the one hand who advocate despotism pure and simple, and there are the Republicans of the Commune, the Reds, the heroes of the guillotine and of petroleum; and besides there are the several dynastic factions. France is always liable to be rent by rival factions; another such fight is impending. An extreme case demands extreme measures; and while we decidedly advocate freedom in all its extent, we must also recollect public safety. Happily, we have no need for such precautions in England. With the exception of a very small section of unscrupulous politicians who prey on the ignorance and ill passions of the lowest of the population, all our people, Tory, Whig, or Liberal, are fairly content to live and let live. There is no public menace. In France there is, we repeat, a struggle impending. The Marshal's position is peculiar; but in the highest interests of France he must hold his own. His characteristic qualities of honour and resolution may soon have to be displayed—even, it may be, in a very vigorous and decisive manner. Before we censure him, we should recollect the deeds of the Reign of Terror, and the late deeds of the Commune, and then ask if there may not be need for occasional active interference. That a storm is gathering in France no one can doubt. But we have every confidence

that Marshal MacMahon will do his best, honestly and honourably, for the country of his adoption. T. H. G.

BE CHEERFUL.

CAN anything be more discouraging than the atmosphere of a house whose mistress or whose master is persistently doubtful, despondent, fearful? How certain it is that they will give to others of their own spirit, and that cares and anxieties will continually oppress their children, trained by example as well as precept to look out for worries. We must give of what we possess, and how can others gain cheer and comfort from us if we are doleful on the smallest occasion?

A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his wife moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble is like one of those fiends appointed to torture lost spirits.

Reverse the case, and nothing is more trying to the love and constancy of a sweet-tempered woman than habitual moroseness and grumbling on the part of her husband. It was not in such a mood that he won her; then how can he expect the fount of her affections to keep on flowing for him when he is changed from the courteous cavalier to the growling bear? No matter if everything does not go just to suit him—no matter if provocations do arise from the turmoil of his daily life—other people are subject to such annoyances as well as himself, and he should not expect to be especially favoured. A little unselfish meditation, mingled with a little resolution, in a case of this kind, would enable a man not only to find happiness for himself but to impart the divine blessing throughout his entire household.

Let us watch ourselves—let us cultivate our cheerfulness, our courage, our hopefulness—above all, let us not belie our trust in Him by weak complaining whenever the sun is overclouded for a moment.

EYES.

THE eye shows character, perhaps more than any other feature. The eyes of great warriors have almost always been gray, the brows lowering like thunder-clouds. Inventors have large eyes, very full. Philosophers the most illustrious, have had large, deep-set eyes. The poets all have large, full eyes, and musicians are large and lustrous. Buffon considers that the most beautiful eyes are the black and blue; but we think we have seen black and blue eyes that were far from beautiful, when made to reflect an odious disposition. The gazelle's eyes have been called the most beautiful in the world, and the greatest compliment an Arab can pay his mistress is to compare her eyes to the gazelle's. Byron says the gazelle will weep at the sound of music.

The power of the eye was well illustrated in Burns. He was taken to Edinburgh very much as Samson was taken to the temple—to amuse the Philistines. He was brought to the palace where the great men of Scotland were to be entertained, and was put in a back room until the time should come when they were ready for him. When they were, he was brought in, and, having measured the company with his wonderful eyes, he recited his immortal poem, "Is there for Honest Poverty?" Carlyle says that when he finished the nobles and gentlemen cowered, and shrank before his withering gaze, but it is more than likely that his words had as much to do with it as his eyes.

Dark eyes show power, light eyes gentleness, and gray eyes sweetness.

HOW TO PREPARE FOR AN EXAMINATION.

THE student should the few weeks preceding the day of examination subject himself to rigorous self-tests; he should systematically work out past examination papers, carefully noting all points in which he fails, and afterwards endeavouring to overcome any diffi-

culties he may have met with. The memory should be refreshed in all matters of dates, facts, and figures, and the essential principles of every subject should be kept diligently before the eye. During the day or two immediately preceding the commencement of the examination, the mind should enjoy comparative rest, the body should be indulged with healthy exercise and work should be limited, if possible, to running through the various note-books, and to refreshing the memory in the matter of dates, etc., as mentioned above.

And now a word or two as to the management of the paper on the day of the examination. The candidate should endeavour to remain as cool and calm as possible; coolness and calm confidence are perhaps as valuable qualities here as they are on the field of battle, or in posts of imminent danger. Nervousness and flurry discompose the mind, disorder the train of thought, and diminish to no small extent the chances of success. Once let the mind get confused, and answers are imperfectly given, questions are altogether misunderstood, and others, which the candidate is quite capable of answering well and ably, are hurriedly passed over.

The candidate should commence work by a careful and deliberate perusal of the paper set, and unless he feels confident that he can answer the whole, he should begin with those questions which can be at once and correctly answered, and which will occupy but a short time. Having disposed of these, he may proceed to questions of greater difficulty or of less certainty.

All the papers, it is perhaps needless to say, should be legibly and neatly written, and the answer to each question should be carefully numbered. In the case of viva voce examinations, coolness and self-confidence are the more to be insisted on. The candidate is asked but few questions, and if through nervousness he fail to answer them, he is condemned as ignorant, and his chance of success is lost.

FACETIÆ.

TURNING THE TABLES.

"YOUNG PERSON" (applicant for housemaid's "Situation"): "May I ask, sir, if you keep a boy?"

OLD GENT: "A boy! No. Why?"

Y. P.: "Oh, to clean boots and knives, carry up coals and—"

O. G.: "Ah, may I ask—can you play the piano?"

Y. P. (dubiously): "N-no, sir—"

O. G.: "Ah, then, I'm afraid you won't—that is, we shall not suit you. I and my wife always carry up the coals, and wash the dishes, and all that sort of thing. All we want is some one to play the piano!"

SUNDAY AT HOME.

MAMMA: "Now, Jack, there are Ten Commandments you have to keep. If you took a thing that wasn't yours, you'd break a Commandment!"

JACK (remembering something about some little niggers): "And then there'd be nine!"

GOLD FOR BRASS.

At more than fair exchange Great Britain aims—

Making a Civic Grant for Alabama claims! —Punch.

MATERNAL PARTIALITY.—The old Seal's impression (at the Brighton Aquarium) is that her cub is a Signet —Punch.

CANDID.

TAM (very dry, at door of country inn, Sunday morning): "Aye, man, ye might gie me a bit gill oot in a bottle!"

LANDLORD (from within): "Weel, ye ken, Tammas, I daurna sell onything the day. And forbye ye got a half-mutchkin awa' wi' ye last nicht (after hours tae); it canna be a' dune yet!"

TAM: "Dune! Losh, man, d'ye think a' could sleep an' whuskie if the hoose?" —Punch.

HOW TO BE A LA MODE.

THE Complexion—Undisguisedly disguised.

Square Collar—Openly out to the heart.

Ball-Dresses—Barely decent.

Skirts—Tied back with effrontery. —Punch.

ECCLIASTICAL AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

GRASS MATCH.—The English Church Union Eleven against the Church Association. —Punch.

NAVAL QUESTION OF THE DAY.—Does anything extraordinary happen to a "turret" ship when the captain gets in a "lowering" rage? —Punch.

FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

"Going to the Throat and Ear Ball, Lady Mary?"

"No—we are engaged to the Incurable Idiots."

"Then perhaps I may meet you at the Epileptic Dance on Saturday?"

"Oh, yes—we are sure to be there. The Epileptic Stewards are so delightful!"

PLAYTHINGS.—Theatrical properties. —Fun.

A CLEAN SWEEP.

A TIDAL wave in Peru has swept off 600 people at once. The affairs of this place have wanted putting in order for a long time, but we don't want to see the innocent inhabitants put away so tidally as this. —Fun.

NOTE.

THE gentlemen who put his hand in another gentleman's pocket and withdrew the other gentleman's purse, pleaded that he was overcome by his feelings. —Fun.

A SIGHT TOO BAD.

It is stated that the windows of the War Office are caked with filth, and have not been cleaned for years. Yet if ever the people in the War Office ought to look out it is now. —Fun.

OUR Guardsman says he did not go to Ascot willingly. He was "drugged" there.

OBVIOUS JOKES.

THE best aid to existence in hot weather is lenten aid.

The best shot for sham fights is Aldershot.

Veterinary surgeons are (cattle) plague goers, who patronise the stalls.

The latest French bonnet is the Bonnet-Duverdier. (Please sound the final t.) —Fun.

TSYKICK FORCE.

HOUSEMAID: "Well, of course I know better; but since master and missus believes in 'em so, all I breaks I puts down to the spirits." —Fun.

REGULARLY IRREGULAR.

It is stated "on the best authority" that there is "not a single European officer in the regular Turkish army." Of course not; where polygamy is paramount everyone is a little bit married, if not completely done for.

(Just as we had achieved the foregoing our own interloper discovered that the paragraph means that there are no European officers whatever in the regular Turkish service. We at once annihilated him by observing that, whether or not, there is certainly a large proportion of "regular Turks" in ours.) —Fun.

AT THE RESTAURANT.

COUNTRY CUSTOMER: "This is a very nice cheese, waiter. Where does it come from?"

WAITER: "It's Gruyere, sir."

COUNTRY CUSTOMER: "Grow yer! How dare you make jokes with me, sir! Where's the manager?" —Fun.

A-BOARDSHIP.

MR. SECRETARY CROSS has informed the London School Board that the Lords of the Admiralty report that they have no ship available which they can lend to the Board to be used as an Industrial Schoolship on the Thames. Very well, let the Board use one of its own scholarships, then. —Fun.

THERE is a terrible scandal in the artistic world. Miss Thompson, the artist, has married A. Butler. —Fun.

"RINGING THE CHANGES."—Marrying a second time. —Fun.

WHY is the position of a town-orrier like the capital of Serbia?—Because it's a Bell grade. —Fun.

A PLEASANT COMPANION.

BILIOUS PARTY (on table, after festival on previous evening when everything and everybody were "so jolly"): "Want a toast, do yer? Suthin' seasonable, eh? Then 'ere's wishin' you an' me was dead, an' I was in 'Eaven, and you was somewhere helse!" —Fun.

KEEPING THEM IN THEIR PLACES.—Ladies' husbands and ladies' dresses are both arranged on the same principle now-a-days. The only method on which they can be said to suit their fair owners, is when they are quite kept back. —Judy.

STOUT AND BITTER.—An alderman in a bad temper. —Judy.

NOT TO BE DONE.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that in Bexley churchyard, somewhat notable for its literary curiosities, is a tombstone bearing the following inscription:

tion: "Sacred to the memory of Charles C—, born 6th October, 1848; died 21st June, 1845"—and wants to know what age we should reckon the deceased to be. That's easily settled. Why, a nonagenarian of course. —Fun.

A SACKRIFICE.

STREET BOY: "What a lark, Bill! Here's a swell cove stuck on the doorstep to see nobody runs away with the coal sacks."

[Jones, who is making a "fashionable call," wishes to goodness they'd open the door. —Fun.]

AN HERMAN IMPROVEMENT.

THE Mint is to be removed to the Thames Embankment. It is quite thyme this age proceeding was adopted. The embankment at present is (sparingly) covered with public buildings, and the great money-making establishment is sorely situated. —Fun.

A SMALL AND EARLY PARTY.—The newspaper boy. —Fun.

CURIOUS COMBINATION OF VOCAL TALENT.—"Signori Carion and Brocolini." —Fun.

IMPORTANT TO HER.

YOUNG LADY: "Ann, whatever are you doing? We have been waiting for tea for half-an-hour. Didn't you hear me ring?"

ANN: "Oh yes, miss. But I was 'earin' George read the paper to see if we was goin' to war or not." —Fun.

BEST RUSSIAN STOCKS.—Rifle stocks. —Judy.

LATEST FROM THE FOWL-HOUSE.—Left sitting. —Judy.

HOW TO GO INTO SOCIETY.—Go out. —Judy.

IT IS AS WELL TO KNOW.

PLEASANT CHILD (to young man making his first call): "See here! if you're coming often, and going to make up to one of my sisters, you'd better be sharp and pop the question, 'cause I've noticed, with all the other fellows, when it goes on so long it never comes to nothing!" —Judy.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

MR. SMITH, after words with the cabman, gives his name and address, "Smith, Thames Bank."

CABMAN: "That won't do, you know. It seems to me I've heard of a Smith afore to-day; and as to Thames Bank, it reaches from here to the Nile!" —Judy.

SAPONACEOUS.

A PERSON named Soap has been drowned through the upsetting of a small boat. Under the circumstances it is not at all remarkable to find that the body was speedily "washed ashore." —Fun.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WHAT Mrs. Robinson says is, that things have got to a pretty pitch when servants require to be awakened by their mistresses, and Mr. Robinson is heard murmuring (between the blankets) that it is a confounded shame. —Judy.

BETTER APART.

THE case of Pew v. Pew has lately occupied the attention of the Divorce Court. Like a good high churchman, Sir Robert Phillimore divided the Pews—male and female. —Fun.

A NOVELTY which is sure to make a great "hit"—The fish torpedo. —Judy.

HARDLY FAIR, EITHER.—A discussion is being carried on in a weekly contemporary as to what constitutes a gentleman and what a lady. One of the writers—a lady, doubtless—defines a gentleman as "a human being who possesses a man's courage and a woman's tenderness." As no one, as yet, has been able to define what is a lady, here is a suggestion:—"A modern lady is a human being who possesses a woman's tenderness, and wears a man's clothes. How will that do?"

OUR DEFENDERS.

THE coat of the British soldier is a fair emblem of his military qualities. His "uniform" condition is to be always in red-diness. —Judy.

HISTORICAL REPETITION.

It appears from the war telegrams that Russia dates according to the old style, which is different from the style usually received by twelve days. But, apart from chronology, the old style seems to be very prevalent in Russia. The present Emperor has been led into a declaration of war in precisely the same style as his father, by misunderstanding popular feeling in England, and, most likely, will meet with

the same old style of reception. It would be well for the Russians, if this old style were one they could manage to get over. —Judy.

RISEING TALENT.

It is said that a new rank in the Navy, that of "torpedo lieutenant," is to be created. Naval promotion is reported to be very slow, but the individual occupying such a rank would be an exceptional chance of getting a lift up. —Judy.

THE ROW OUTSIDE THE INDIA HOUSE.

POLICE-CONSTABLE: "It's a pity to interfere; this Turkey chap deserves so well whatever he gets. But I mustn't let our property be injured." —Fun.

THE PHYSICIAN'S FEE-MALE.

THREE ladies have been admitted to the Irish College of Physicians: Dr. Louisa Atkins, Dr. Sophia Jex Blake, and Dr. Edith Peechey. Hans Breitman says we shall soon be as bad as Germany, where "all the young vimmins is tochtlers." —Fun.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

CERTAIN people evidently look upon the existence of such a place as Cremorne as a mournful crime. Our Editor's French valet says the name's against it. Fancy Les jardins de Crime morno. —Fun.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE AGAIN.

THE Yankee who invented wooden nutmegs and leaden razors must bide his diminished head. There have, it appears, recently arrived in Paris some curious specimens of artificial pearls, the joint work of the Chinaman and the oyster. They are produced in this way:—Into the shell of the oyster the Chinaman introduces little pieces of wood or earth, which keep the unhappy mollusc in a constant state of irritation, and cause a pearly secretion, which ultimately covers the fragments. Often a piece of metal, shaped to resemble the figure of Buddha, is introduced into the shell; and this, by a similar process is converted into a pearl presenting all the conditions of a presentable relic. One can imagine an almond-eyed Celestial saying: "Oyster no sabbee—me gib him nicey piecey wooddee—oyster great foolce—all same makum lilly pearlee." Truly, the Heathen Chinees is fast getting civilised! Judy.

THE feat of getting blood out of a stone has been surpassed in the Court of Queen's Bench lately. Blood got two hundred and three pounds out of Snow. —Funny Folks.

DINER A LA Russe.

THE Russian soldiers on the march do their cooking, Uncle Towzer supposes, on the mountain ranges. —Funny Folks.

A GOOD UMPIRE.—The Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, M.P. —Funny Folks.

THE WEAPON OF THE PEACE SOCIETY.—The ambulance. —Funny Folks.

PAINFUL EXERCISES ON THE FACE OF JOURNALISM.—War(t) telegrams. —Funny Folks.

"WETHER". WISE.—An experienced sheep-farmer. —Funny Folks.

"THERE is an attempt to introduce walking dresses to clear the ground." Why, for some time past we have been under the impression that walking dresses did clear the ground—of dust and rubbish. —Funny Folks.

KICKING UP A DUST.

A WAG we know speaks of the clouds of dust to be generally found on the road to the Derby as being caused by "Equine-hock-shial" gales. —Funny Folks.

A JUSTICE FLUSH OF MONEY.

GOING home the other night Mr. Justice Flush debated whether he should give the cabman four shillings and sixpence (his legal fare) or five shillings, and deciding upon the latter, he called it finding a "Verdict for the Crown." —Funny Folks.

SCURVY TREATMENT.—Lime-juice ad lib. —Funny Folks.

TWO BAD!

A HAPPY father on having the birth of twins announced to him, exclaimed, with literal truth, "The deuce it is!" —Funny Folks.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(By a Puzzled Playgoer.)

PRESUMABLY the "poor player's" game is billiards, since he talks so much of his cue. Are the wings of much assistance to the flies? Is the vampire trap the actor's favourite vehicle.

Does it impair a manager's appearance when he has a cast in his eye? —Funny Folks.

MAKING GAMES.

(From Our Own Shootsman.)

WHAT bird is in season all the year round and extra when necessary?—The weather cock. —Fun.

EDITORIAL SOLILOQUY.—Come, come, Mr. Contributor, "that cock won't fight" here, we've had a little too much of the weather part of him lately.

STATISTICS.

EXONERATION OF CHARGES.—The following is the Lord Chancellor's Bill (Exoneration of Charges) to amend the Acts 17 & 18 Vict., c. 113, and 30 & 31 Vict., c. 69. 1. The Acts mentioned in the schedule hereto shall, as to any testator dying after December 31, 1877, be held to apply to a testator dying seised or possessed of or entitled to any land or other hereditaments of whatever tenure which he shall have specifically devised or bequeathed, and which shall at the time of his death be charged with the payment of any sum or sums of money by way of mortgage, including any lien for unpaid purchase money; and the specific devisee or legatee shall not be entitled to have such sum or sums discharged or satisfied out of the personal estate not specifically bequeathed of such testator, unless he shall within the meaning of the said Acts have signified a contrary intention. 2. This Act shall not extend to Scotland. Schedule (17 & 18 Vict., c. 113): An Act to amend the law relating to the administration of the estates of deceased persons. (30 & 31 Vict., c. 69): An Act to explain the operation of the Act 17 & 18 Vict., c. 113.

IN THE MAY WOODS.

As I came singing through the woods,
To yon fair slope of sunny heather,
The posies, in their purple hoods,
Stood with their bonny heads together,
A-gossiping—about the weather?
With straining ear I bent to hear,
But you, my little love, sat near:
What said the pretty posies, dear?

The boughs were whispering overhead—
The brook went babbling on her way—
The bee hummed blithely as he sped
From honey-hiving spray to spray;
I know your heart interpreted
The myriad sylvan tongues of May.
Love, tell me pray, what did they say?
I only heard a whispered "Yea,"
Low in the leafy woods that day.

A sudden flaw of shimmering rain
Down the green hills came pattering
fast,
And, tangled in her silver train,
She tript the sunbeams as she pass'
Deep in some mossy cloister cell
The brook ran like a bridal-dell—
Ah! will you tell, love, what befell,
As, sheltered by the greenwood dell,
We watched the frolic rain and sun
Across the nodding heather run?

Nay, keep your secret! since I know
When next the breezy mid-May weather,
Sets all the tell-tale flowers that blow
A-gossiping, with heads together,
My quickened ear shall thrill to hear
The one sweet word to love most dear—
That makes the dearest time o' year
One long, delicious holiday—
Whether the month be festal May,
Or dull December, said and sere—
The lowly-breathed, responsive "Yea,"
That binds two willing souls for aye!

E. A. B.

GEMS.

MONEY and time both have their value. He who makes a bad use of one will never make good use of the other.

A MAN'S own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Our good actions are often worth more than their motives.

THINGS themselves change less than our manner of looking at them.

A MAN displeased with the world is never satisfied with himself.

It requires less merit to discover the faults of others than to bear them.

WE are never sufficiently important in our own eyes to cease imposing affectations upon others.

WHATEVER else you borrow, never borrow trouble. It never does any good, and when you return it you get no thanks.

To judge of a man's virtue by one great action is like measuring his height while he leaps in the air.

THE remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows.

THE sun never enlightens all parts of our bodies at the same time; neither can reason illuminate all sides of the mind at once.

SELF love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

POISONS.—For any poison, the most speedy, certain, and most frequently efficacious remedy in the world, if immediately taken, is a heaping teaspoonful of ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a glass of cold water, and drank down at a draught, causing instantaneous vomiting. As soon as the vomiting ceases swallow two tablespoonfuls of sweet-oil. If no ground mustard is at hand, drink a teaspoonful or more of sweet-oil, or any other pure mild oil, melted hog's lard, melted butter, train oil, cod-liver oil, any of which protect the coats of the stomach from the disorganising effects of the poison; and, to a certain extent, by filling up the pores of the stomach (the mouths of the absorbents), prevent the poison being taken up into the circulation of the blood. Persons bitten by rattlesnakes have drank oil freely, and recovered. These are things to be done while a physician is being sent for.

RICE CROQUETTES.—Wash well one teacupful of rice; put it to boil in a pint of milk, the same of water, until quite tender, but dry; while hot, add a piece of butter the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two eggs, the juice and grated peel of one lemon; stir this up well; have ready the yolks of two eggs, beaten on a plate, some fine cracker crumbs on another; make up the rice with your hands in rolls about three inches long, and two inches round; dip into the egg, then into the crumbs; fry them in hot lard to a light brown. Served hot.

FRUIT TREES.—It is a good practice to wash the trunk and main branches of fruit trees with lime wash. If the white colour is not agreeable a little soot can be put in to neutralise the glare. The wash destroys the eggs of insects and the germs of fungi, and keeps the bark free to swell as the cells grow. Where the white scale abounds on the bark the branches may be painted with linseed oil. It is a sure cure, and really seems to make the tree more healthy and vigorous than it would be without the wash.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Duke of Westminster has subscribed £2,000 towards the funds for meeting the deficit in the Wrexham Exhibition account, and the Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire £500.

LABOUR IN AMERICA.—A correspondent writing from New York on the condition of the labour market in the United States of America says that thousands of working men with their families would leave every part of the States if they could only raise the money necessary to do so.

VORACIOUS TROUT.—A gentleman recently killed a large trout in a stream in Dorsetshire. On being landed he disgorged in succession a water-rat, a young duck, and a quantity of minnows. With all this provender aboard he had condescended to rise at a small March brown.

CONVEYANCE OF LIVE SALMON.—Mr. Carrington, speaking of the introduction of a salmon to the Westminster Aquarium, says: "This is the first experiment of conveying a live salmon to London," and puts the distance travelled at 112 miles. We may remind him that in April, 1873, three full-grown salmon were successfully conveyed alive from the river Usk to the Aquarium at Brighton, passing through London, and in this case the distance travelled considerably exceeded 200 miles.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALICE.—Your conduct is certainly open to censure. Running about after young men would be noticed in any girl.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—"Love's Longing" is fairly well put together as far as expression is concerned, but the ideas conveyed are open to objection. Love is very potent, but its votaries require something more substantial—and vulgar—than it alone to sustain the wear and tear of existence. Besides, "when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window." Your third verse will not bear analysis at all. The approach of Father Time is beyond the region of mere probability.

L. Y.—Handwriting very neat and ladylike.

EMILY.—When the roses are in full bloom pick the leaves carefully off, and to every quart of water add a peck of rose leaves; put them in a still over a slow fire and distil gradually; bottle the water; let it stand in the bottle three days, and then cork it close.

READER.—"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." There are few in this world who have lived to mature age without being encompassed closely or remotely by the "sorrows of death." Take heart and remember Coleridge's epitaph:

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade
Death came with friendly hand,
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there."

R. S.—The dial of the Westminster clock is twenty-two feet in diameter; the fall of the weight is 175 feet. There are five bells for chiming the quarters and striking the hours. The largest bell weighs 13½ tons. The error of the clock is said to amount to only one second for eighty-three days in the year.

A. H.—The Wagner Festival last year took place at Bayreuth in August, after having been deferred for two years. The performance took place in a new theatre constructed for the purpose.

T. P. R.—Bushey Park is about 1,110 acres in area.

ANGLES.—We suppose you mean "Marabout," the name given to certain religious devotees among the Mohammedans of the Barbary States.

DAIRY & HARRY.—1. If two girls frequently visited a theatre together they might naturally expect their conduct to be unfavourably commented upon. 2. The village of Church Eaton contains a Church of England school, the only one there recognised by the Education Department, but the name of the head master is not given in the last published report. There is a free grammar-school in Stafford, which was founded in 1551 by Charter of Edward VI.

QUEENIE.—1. For private circulation, yes. 2. Advertise extensively or get some well-known vocalist to bring your composition before the public. A publisher would probably want a small sum paid down to cover expenses in the event of failure unless extraordinary merit, startling novelty, or a supplied want were discoverable. On the other hand you could get a song of, say, four verses, making eight pages with title, engraved and a hundred copies printed for about 4s. But then the distribution of them would have to be provided for. 3. If you call yourself a professor of music after having thoroughly mastered your subject by a severe course of study and practice not much harm will be done.

W. B. R.—As a rule the amateur dyer's efforts are unsuccessful, experience being required to adjust the proportions of the ingredients employed as colouring matters, and the mordants in most cases necessary to fix them, to the varying conditions of the articles to be dyed. Use Judson's dyes, following the simple instructions which accompany them, and the difficulty and uncertainty will be reduced to a fraction.

A. B. M.—A singing called "Beautiful Girls" can be had of W. White, music-seller, Booksellers' Row, Strand, London. We cannot tell you the exact price.

A. CONSTANT READER.—Before taking proceedings against your employer you had better consult a solicitor. You have not stated the circumstances under which the verbal arrangement was made that took the place of the engagement by letter. In neither case was there a proper agreement drawn up. The custom of the trade would most likely determine the difference between you.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is proposed to issue at frequent intervals in the

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Biographies of Eminent Living Men—Politicians, Generals, Poets, Artists, &c.—each being accompanied by a Lifelike Portrait.

THE PRESENT NUMBER CONTAINS

MARSHAL MACMAHON, THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

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a most useful

WORK OF REFERENCE—A ROLL OF CONTEMPORARY GREATNESS.

A. E. G.—"Afar" and "here" do not rhyme, neither do "care" and "here." Bees and butterflies may be pretty as they "hither" about, but the poem destined to immortalise them is scarcely suitable for us.

ACTON.—We cannot recommend any particular person to train you for the stage. You must make your own selection by studying the advertisements issued from time to time by professional teachers. For five shillings however you can obtain a complete set of Guide Books from S. French (late Lacy), of 89, Strand, viz.: Amateur's Guide, Hand Book, and Manual, is.; the Guide to the Stage, 6s.; the Art of Acting; or, Guide to the Stage, 6s.; the Actor's Art, 6d.; Reading, Speaking, and Action, 6d.; How to Make Up, a Practical Guide, 2s. Each may be had without the other, but much essential information is contained in the set.

F. S.—We have no space for "The Mourned One," the receipt of which we beg to acknowledge with thanks.

C. A. W.—"Watching the Tide" is a pretty and very creditable little poem.

E. A. F.—Although not devoid of merit, we yet must decline "A Doubting Hebert."

J. L. S. R. C.—The subject of your poem has been fairly well treated by you, but its triteness is fatal.

Y. L.—"Bitter Fruits" declined with thanks.

THE FIRST LOAF OF BREAD.

Oh! for a crumb from the maiden's first loaf,
Baked in the household of beauty;
Oh! for a glimpse of the thrifty young bride
Doing her matronly duty.

Shapely and white are the delicate arms
Bared for the requisite kneading;
Slender the fingers that fashion and mould,
Showing the daintiest breeding.

See how the pretty one flutters, to think
How much depends on her venture;
Will she have praise from the one she loves
best,
Praise, or a husband's first censure?

There, the white loaf is now ready to bake,
Take it, oh! fire, to thy keeping;
Summon thy servants, bright king of the flame,
Temper the heat round it sweeping.

"Done to a turn!" cries a jubilant voice,
Golden and brown like a sweetening!"
"But," and the merry wife ventures reply,
"Proof, dear, will be in the eating!"

W. G. D., twenty-five, tall, fair, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen, good-looking, fond of home.

F. H. C., twenty-seven, dark, tall, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady between twenty and twenty-two.

THOMAS W., twenty-three, fair, considered good-looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady about twenty.

LUCY W., nineteen, medium height, fair, considered good-looking, thoroughly domesticated, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a seaman in the Royal Navy Barracks. Must be good-looking, well-educated, and fond of home.

T. J. L., dark complexion, dark hair, hazel eyes, fond of home and children, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Must be about twenty.

MARIE AND LAURA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Marie is seventeen, tall, brown hair and eyes, and very fond of home and music. Laura is seventeen, medium height, brown hair, grey eyes. Respondents must be from twenty to twenty-two.

M. F., blue eyes, fair, would like to correspond with a young man, who must be tall, dark, and of a loving disposition.

TED B., twenty-eight, fair, good-tempered, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

MARY, seventeen, good-looking, light hair and blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony.

FRED, twenty-three, fair, dark blue eyes, tall, handsome, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young lady.

POLLY would like to correspond with a young gentleman who has large dark eyes, black hair, of a loving disposition.

HARRY M., eighteen, medium height, of a loving disposition, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a young lady about his own age, good-looking, of a loving disposition.

WILLIAM, nineteen, medium height, blue eyes, dark hair, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty.

W. H. R. and I. J. F., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. W. H. R. has auburn hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition. I. J. F. is fair, tall. Respondents must be about twenty, dark, good-looking.

WINNIE, eighteen, fond of home, dark hair, grey eyes, fair, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-three. Must be of medium height, dark, fond of home.

MAUDE, twenty, dark hair and eyes, good-tempered, tall, of a loving disposition, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young gentleman about her own age, or not over thirty.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

AMOS K. is responded to by—Will, eighteen, brown hair, grey eyes.

Topsy by—George.

LOTTIE by—Willie.

M. J. by—M. J. L., of a loving disposition, good-looking.

W. H. C. by—D. L., good-looking, affectionate, good-tempered.

DICKY—Six, sixteen, hazel eyes, auburn hair, medium height, good-looking.

HENRY by—Nellie, seventeen.

FRANCIS by—Lillie, nineteen, blue eyes, tall.

TOM by—Nellie, good-looking.

CHARLEY by—Minnie.

WILL by—Bessie, fond of home and music.

J. W. by—Udine.

J. M. D. C. by—Eden.

ALICE by—W. G., nineteen, fair complexion, dark hair and eyes.

ISRAEL W. by—Hector, twenty-five, tall, dark, good-looking.

READY RIGHT by Tilly H., nineteen, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes.

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